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Vol. CXXXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1934 No. 3589

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S snappy "settlement" of the automobile strike has catapulted the Administration plump into the middle of the very issues the compromise was designed to sidestep so deftly. The industry is seething with strikes and rumors of strikes which may in the end do more harm than the original threatened walk-out would have done to the recovery program for whose preservation the automobile workers paid so dearly. The National Automobile Labor Board is already under heavy criticism from the workers, who insist that the board's first job is to settle the question of representation in the various plants. Since this question has been the burning issue in the whole controversy, the workers seem to us absolutely justified in their demand. But the board, by a majority of two—Nicholas Kelley for the employers and Leo Wolman for the Administration, against the opposition of Richard Byrd for labor—has so far limited its work to cases of alleged discrimination for union activities. Obviously the bargaining power of automobile labor is highest at the peak of production. The board's job at the moment is not to investigate discrimination in the past but to make it impossible in the future. This central issue of union representation and recognition must be faced unless the Administration is prepared to let its recovery program go by default. Mr. Roosevelt early proclaimed the theory that industry could save itself only by diverting its profits to the worker-consumer, in that way increasing purchasing power. When industry showed a strange unwillingness so to divert its profits, Mr. Roosevelt continued to request and urge where he should have demanded and forced industry's cooperation. At the same time collective bargaining, the one effective power the workers have with which to force higher wages and thus increase purchasing power, has been vitiated by the confusion arising from the company-union question and by discouraging the use of labor's only actual weapon, the strike. This latter situation, of course, is the result mainly of the weakness of labor and its leaders; but it is also an indication of the overwhelming strength of industry. To assume a pose of neutrality as between industry and worker-consumers, given their relative present strengths, is obviously to favor industry. Perhaps the Administration does not intend to favor industry unduly, but its purposes seem to be confused. General Johnson lately wrote a letter in support of the Wagner bill amending the powers of the National Labor Board. The Wagner bill would make it possible for an independent union supported by a majority of workers to establish a closed shop. But the automobile agreement sets up proportional representation of labor forces, thus inhibiting the closed shop. Which principle is the Administration backing? Does it know?

THE JOHNSON BILL, which would prohibit loans—except by government agencies—to nations in default in their debt payments to this country, is one of those simple-minded, provincially inspired measures by which certain Americans delight to impose their moral standards upon foreign countries which have equally rigorous, though contrary, moral standards of their own. Most Americans think that France is morally bound to pay its war debt to us; most Frenchmen are certain that it is morally justified in not doing so. Our State Department, under the righteous Secretary Hughes, insisted that Russia should not be recognized until it arranged to recoup us for the loans made to the Czar; the Soviet Government made a counter-demand for damages for our invasion of its territory in 1918 without a declaration of war. The Johnson bill makes a fetish of just one consideration in regard to a foreign loan when in fact many other circumstances are equally important. There are countries which do not owe us a cent which, nevertheless, are poorer risks than nations in default on certain debts. The national government of France, for reasons which it considers good, is not paying its war borrowings from the United States, yet French cities which floated loans in this country are not only making good on them but are doing so *in terms of our gold dollar,* in consequence of which the bonds are selling at 60 per cent above par. If American loans to Russia are prohibited, the Soviets will turn elsewhere for purchases and the chief reason for recognition will be defeated. *The Nation* believes that foreign loans, indeed all credit, should be under government control, but it should be exercised through administrative action, not legislative fiat. The desirable agency would be an administrative board capable of studying each case on its merits and arriving at conclusions based on fiscal facts, not on moral yearnings.

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IN SPITE of the protestations from Mr. Hopkins, head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and from Fred I. Daniels, director of relief for New York State, that under no circumstances would workers on government relief projects be discriminated against for attempting to organize a union, it is charged by the Associated Office and Professional Emergency Employees—an organization of FERA workers in New York City—that many scores of workers have lost federal relief jobs because of attempts to organize their fellow-employees. Two cases are cited as particular examples of this anti-union attitude on the part of relief bosses, one the dismissal of Carl Bollinger from the New York City Emergency Works Bureau after he had distributed during his lunch hours leaflets to other workers announcing a union meeting at Madison Square Garden. Mr. Bollinger was frankly dismissed for this attempt at organization, and is the proud recipient of a discharge slip on which his time-keeper had written: "Distributing literature tending to disrupt the morale of the men at this yard. Agitating and causing dissension in the office. Conspiracy. Plotting to organize the office to his way of thinking. [Signed] Charles Majorossy." The case of Harry Mensh, fired from CWA headquarters in the New York Port Authority Building, was not quite so clear. Mr. Mensh had participated in a one-hour strike to protest against dissolution of the CWA. His supervisor angrily reproached him, accused him of "lack of decency," and inquired if he had been born in this country. On the following day he was discharged by Colonel DeLamater, head of the Emergency Works Bureau, "for the good of the service." When protests were made, Mensh was said first to have been ousted because of errors in his work, later for "insubordination" and for having been unwilling to subscribe to the doctrine that "refusal to obey any order of a superior, no matter what the order or the circumstances, is grounds for dismissal." We have no reason to doubt that these are bona fide cases, accurately described. They indicate that the government's labor policy needs checking up.

POLICE CLUBBING of members of the Ohio Unemployed League in an eviction fight in Columbus on March 31 reveals the chaotic and shortsighted policies still pursued by local and national authorities toward the unemployed. The league halted over 3,000 evictions in Franklin County, Ohio, where Columbus is located, during the past year. It accomplished this through mass demonstrations and brought about a change in the policy of the Ohio relief authorities. The eviction question seemed settled in favor of the jobless, even though James Van Meter, chairman of the eviction committee, had to go to jail to win that result. His family of seven children camped in Governor White's office and won his release. With the cutting off of CWA work, a new hard-boiled program on evictions was adopted by the authorities. The league then called in Louis F. Budenz, secretary of the American Workers' Party, who had led the first eviction fights of last summer, and a new campaign to stop evictions began. Families were again kept in their homes, despite bailiffs and police. Two families, put out by surprise, set up their households in the streets. They slept and cooked in the open. This so irritated the city officials of Columbus that they attacked the unemployed through the police. One man was seriously injured and others were brutally clubbed. Workers' organizations, churchmen, and others protested. The league announced that it would carry the campaign to "Governor White's front porch." Mayor Henry Worley stated that the "government still rules." The league answered: "What kind of government?" That is becoming the issue in Ohio.

THE PERENNIAL CAMPAIGN against compulsory military training on the campuses has taken a turn which makes it still more difficult for university administrators to evade or ignore the case of protesting students. Courses in peace training are now being advocated—to inform students of the causes and intrigues of war and of devices for the pacific settlement of international disputes. It is ironical that the suggestion for so intelligent an addition to the curriculum should come from the University of Illinois, long the encampment of the largest Reserve Officers Training Corps brigade and for many years presided over by David Kinley, leading exponent of the mandatory view among the heads of land-grant institutions. After several students who objected to military training had been ousted from Ohio State University, the *Daily Illini,* student newspaper at Illinois, urged that "a course in peace" be *required,* concluding that "if the university requires its students to spend three hours a week for four semesters preparing for war, certainly it should require them to spend as much time preparing for peace." At the University of New Hampshire, situated in Durham, there is a similar movement. Started by two sophomores in the student Progressive Club, who used their spring vacation to recruit the support of prominent Manchester residents, its aim is to procure peace courses for students who object to military training. Meanwhile the dismissing of students who refuse to be regimented continues, the latest victim being Eugene Ringo, a freshman at the University of Missouri. A petition of more than 1,000 students and faculty members urging his reinstatement awaited President Walter Williams on his return from an around-the-world good-will tour. Attempting to defend the expulsion of Ringo, and criticizing the anti-compulsory stand of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* President J. C. Futrall of the University of Arkansas falls back on the "moral obligation" argument. There is, of course, no such obligation, as a reading of the Morrill Act, with its incidental reference to military training, will show. And if there were, land-grant college presidents would be violating it day in and day out by not compelling all their students to take "agriculture and the mechanical arts," for whose development the law was passed.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD has signed its first contract for editorial workers through its Philadelphia chapter. As was expected, the first publisher daring to brave the frowns of his colleagues was J. David Stern, acting for the Philadelphia *Record.* He has agreed to a closed shop in his editorial rooms, the check-off system, adequate dismissal notices, a minimum-wage scale, a forty-hour five-day week, and an apprentice system, all common enough to the composing, engraving, stereotyping, and press rooms, but anathema in the editorial temples of a free press and Americanism. Of course it is high time that those hardy individualists, the editorial workers, obtained something of this sort for their own good, but it is amazing to learn how

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many are still not convinced that they have been mercilessly trodden upon in the name of a free press for, lo, these many years. With this opening gun fired, the jubilant officers of the guild expect more contracts to be signed. But while Mr. Stern will undoubtedly reach a similar agreement with the editorial workers of the New York *Post* and his two Camden, New Jersey, newspapers, it must be remembered that not every publisher is a J. David Stern. The New York guild has found progress slower, but the ball has been started rolling, and if it is suddenly stopped by contact with a strong, anti-labor publisher—"Well," as one newspaperman put it, "we can always open a bar and become a social club."

NOW that the taxicab strike in New York City is ended with a complete victory for the employers, who are at liberty if they see fit to reemploy striking drivers under the old conditions, and who are not, in general, seeing fit, it may be worth while to draw a moral from the fate of the strikers which will be applicable to other similar labor situations. The taxi drivers were in a strategic position when they struck the first time: they were complaining of intolerable working conditions, both as to hours of work and rates of pay; the New York public is good-natured, tolerant, and predisposed toward the under-dog; the independent cab owners remained off the streets. At the conclusion of the strike against the Parmelee Cab Company an agreement was reached providing for collective bargaining and recognition of a union. But just as the agreement was concluded in a manner seemingly satisfactory to both sides, one of the four drivers' locals, controlled by Communists, succeeded in voting the agreement down and forcing through a wholly ill-timed general strike in the course of which the independents remained on the streets and the public, which had been more or less amiably using the subways, found itself obliged to call for police protection from rioting strikers and wrecked cabs. These disruptive tactics are becoming more and more sadly familiar in labor disputes, and they merely demonstrate what should be obvious to every employer and every member of a labor union. The employers are firmly united on one principle: save the profits even if it be at the expense of the worker. The worker, in turn, should manifest as his principle a united front and clearly formulated demands. Strikers divided against themselves will lose a strike; strikers who try to play the prima donna role or attempt to railroad through their own notions of how a strike should be conducted without regard for the will of the majority will find themselves exactly where the Communist taxi local found itself—in the position of unsuccessfully begging Mayor LaGuardia to get for it the terms of settlement which it had refused from the Parmelee Company.

TRIAL in New York City of Art J. Smith, head of the fascist Khaki Shirts, for perjury in the Terzani-Fierro murder case brings to a culmination a notable fight by labor and liberal forces to free an innocent man accused of a killing, and to punish the guilty. Athos Terzani, young anti-Fascist, was acquitted in December of killing his comrade, Anthony Fierro, at a Khaki Shirts propaganda meeting, his accuser having been Smith. Frank Moffer, a Khaki Shirts captain, had been accused by Terzani and another eyewitness on the night of the tragedy, but had been set free on Smith's word that Terzani was the murderer. Evidence in the Terzani trial showed that Smith had shielded Moffer and caused him to grow a moustache to confuse identification witnesses, and that Smith had made threats of death to compel one of his associates to support his false testimony. Weeks passed after the acquittal with no apparent move by District Attorney Colden of Queens County to apprehend the slayer. Presumably nothing more would have been done had not the Terzani Defense Committee, headed by Norman Thomas, persisted in demanding that Colden act. More delay, and more pressure, and finally Moffer and Smith were both arrested in Pennsylvania. Moffer readily confessed the killing and later pleaded guilty to first-degree manslaughter. On the eve of Smith's trial Mr. Thomas urged Governor Lehman to supersede Colden by the Attorney-General on the ground that the District Attorney had forfeited public confidence by his laxity. Governor Lehman replied that he had conferred with Colden and found no reason to supplant him. That a murder frame-up has been completely exposed, with the accused person proved innocent and the guilt brought home to the perpetrator, is an achievement due solely to the unflagging efforts of the defense committee and not to any zeal on the part of the responsible prosecuting officials.

LIKE OTHER PROFESSIONS and businesses, medical practice faces the prospect of increased social control; and like members of other professions and businesses, the doctors for the most part resent this inevitable tendency. Their fear and resistance are probably chiefly responsible for the recent expulsion from the Los Angeles County Medical Association of Dr. Donald E. Ross and Dr. H. Clifford Loos on charges preferred against them in connection with their clinic in Los Angeles. These two physicians in 1929 organized the Ross-Loos Clinic to furnish medical care to the employees of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. Subsequently other groups of employees asked to have the service extended to them. The clinic now has 15,000 subscribers who are attended by approximately 55 doctors. The service comprises medical care and a certain amount of hospitalization for a fee of $2 a month per employee regardless of the size of his family. On March 5 Dr. Ross and Dr. Loos, in answer to a summons, appeared before the council of the Los Angeles County Medical Association to show cause why they should not be censured or suspended or expelled from membership in the association. They received no advance information as to the charges and were thus deprived of an opportunity to prepare a defense. Nor were they permitted to bring witnesses. They found themselves faced with a series of accusations which amounted to a general assertion that they had improperly promoted their clinic through publicity among the city employees. Dr. Ross and Dr. Loos met each charge with an explanation and a denial. Any publicity about the clinic, they asserted, had been given freely and no payments had ever been made for soliciting new subscribers to the service. They will appeal their case to the council of the California State Medical Association for review and if necessary will carry it to the council of the American Medical Association for a final decision. It is well that they have the courage and means to make a fight. The medical profession should be made to realize that public opinion is in favor of legitimate efforts to provide medical care at low rates.

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Uncle Sam, Chiseler-in-Chief

THE paradox of President Roosevelt's recovery program is the reactionary position of his own Administration. Because Uncle Sam is the biggest employer in the country, and yet has signally failed to put into practice his own avowed labor policy, he has become in effect the chief obstructionist, slacker, and chiseler in the United States. The federal civil services, which ought to lead in lessening unemployment by shortening hours, maintaining pay rates, and adding to their employees, have in fact done none of these things. Instead, they have stuck to the old hours, imposed pay cuts without diminishing work, reduced the number of their employees, and in general closed the door to new entrants or promotions within the service. Such a course would have brought an avalanche of public protest if it had been followed by any other great employer of labor, and it is doubly despicable on the part of the federal government, not alone because the latter should set a good example, but still more because, unlike private business, it does not seek profits, and does not even have to cover expenses.

The Nation protested last spring against the folly of turning civil-service employees out into the ranks of the unemployed in order to save money with which to hire other unemployed for new, unorganized, and often useless work. In time this absurdity largely ceased, but in other respects Uncle Sam remains the outstanding figure in the country in opposition to his own program of industrial recovery. The inconsistency of the position has become especially indefensible since Mr. Roosevelt's recent challenge to private industry to cut working hours to thirty-five a week while increasing hourly rates of pay to such an extent that the total weekly earnings of regular workers would remain the same. Has the federal government itself adopted this course? Not in a single one of its departments.

The government's excuse for chiseling is of course a wish to economize—to balance the budget as soon as can be. The excuse is not good enough. While *The Nation* does not believe in waste in public administration, it feels that this is no time for the government to attempt to balance its budget. The demand for such action is not in line with public interest but is a plea advanced by the well-to-do in order to spare themselves from additional taxation. This is the greatest crisis in the country's history, yet we have not begun to extend our debt as we did in the World War. It may be remarked also that cheese-paring measures affecting human welfare are scarcely in order on the part of an Administration which has in view the expenditure within the next few years of possibly a billion dollars for naval construction. *The Nation* thinks the 15 per cent cut in the pay of federal employees was justified in view of the lower cost of living and the losses sustained by other workers, but it believes there should have been a corresponding reduction in hours and that the money saved should not have gone toward reducing the deficit but should have been used to employ additional workers in federal services capable of expansion in ways beneficial to the public.

The most flagrant of federal government chiselers is the Post Office Department, which employs 48 per cent of all civil-service workers. Postmaster-General Farley told alumni of Brown University the other day that the department had balanced its budget only twice in the last fifty years and not once in the last twenty. Why, then, is it trying to do so in the present emergency when the economies must be taken out of the hide of its employees and in defiance of the national recovery program? Or why, if Mr. Farley is determined to economize, does he not begin with the wasteful and in many cases dishonestly obtained subsidies of steamship and airplane companies? A statement prepared lately by the National Association of Letter Carriers, the National Federation of Post Office Clerks, and the Railway Mail Association points to a saving of $100,000,000 in the fiscal year ending last June compared with the previous twelve months, of which it is said $80,000,000 represented wages. A further saving of $70,000,000 was decreed for the present fiscal year, mostly out of wages, and on March 2 Postmaster-General Farley issued an order intended to increase this sum by $9,000,000 more. He ordered four payless days before the end of June, the suspension of all vacations except such as could be arranged without hiring extra help, elimination of all work by substitute carriers except as dictated by definite emergencies, and reduced delivery service for the public. This is unfair to all employees but especially so to the substitute carriers, who have passed civil-service examinations and are awaiting appointment to regular places. At the present time there are practically no such places owing to the policy of making no promotions and filling no vacancies. Meanwhile the substitute is paid only for time actually worked although he must be in readiness to work at all times. On June 30, 1930, there were 53,762 city letter carriers. On November 13, 1933, there were 49,350, or 4,412 fewer. Had the vacancies been filled, it would have absorbed a third of the 13,156 substitute carriers on the rolls on June 30 of that year. In effect the policy of the government added 4,500 men to the ranks of the unemployed. Average weekly earnings of married substitute letter carriers dropped from $27.43 in October, 1929, to $15.38 in that month last year, and for unmarried men from $22.83 to $13.05, according to figures compiled by the National Association of Letter Carriers. Fifteen married men earned less than $5 during the whole of October last. When Mr. Roosevelt stated lately that there were 15,000 unnecessary postal employees—doubtless on the say-so of his Postmaster-General—he failed to mention that the condition was due to abuses to which the service had been subjected. The Mead bill, passed by the House, and now in the Post Office subcommittee of the Senate, would give every postal substitute a minimum of $15 weekly and limit such employees in future to one for every regular worker. The bill deserves support.

Meanwhile we would suggest one addition to Mr. Farley's chiseling of the recovery program and sweating of labor. We recommend that Congress fix the salary of the Postmaster-General at the $5 a month earned by fifteen married substitute letter carriers last October and keep it there until Mr. Farley adopts a more enlightened policy in his department.

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Official Whitewash

DURING the month of February the subcommittee on aeronautics of the House Naval Affairs Committee conducted an investigation "into certain phases of the manufacture of aircraft and aeronautical accessories" procured by the government. Carl Vinson of Georgia, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee and author of the billion-dollar naval-construction bill recently passed, brought this committee into existence. He directed it to ascertain profits in aircraft manufacture and whether any profiteering or collusion in bidding took place among aircraft companies doing business with the navy. The reason for this investigation, as stated by Mr. Vinson, was that large aircraft purchases were planned by the navy and that all facts about them should be brought before the committee and the public to promote efficiency and economy in naval air defense. The actual reason was that Mr. Vinson and his big-navy cohorts, sensing public reaction to the proposed vast naval expenditure in depressed times, hoped to forestall any feeling that war-implement manufacturers would profit unduly from our armaments-buying spree.

The committee heard twenty-four representatives of aircraft manufacturing firms and many high navy officials and bureau heads in open session. No impartial, disinterested experts appeared or were requested to appear by Representative John J. Delaney of New York, chairman of the investigating group. When the hearings closed, a whitewash majority report was adopted by the committee, attesting to the purity and patriotism of the aircraft business in general and the Navy Department in particular, although only two members of the committee admitted having studied the charts, figures, and data assembled in the hearings. Had it not been for the single skeptical member of the committee, W. D. McFarlane, Texas Democrat, who realized the significance of the proceedings and conducted his own research, the whole investigation might have died a painless and quiet death.

The minority report asserts that the conclusions of the majority are premature because committee members did not take time to study and digest the facts. The 1,136 printed pages of the testimony show that this point is well taken. Mr. McFarlane tried to have the committee hear General William Mitchell, former army air chief, and Major MacKenzie-Kennedy, a British aviation expert of long experience. Immediately navy officials exhibited high indignation at the mention of General Mitchell's name, and committee members howled "British spy" at Major MacKenzie-Kennedy. Their statements and data were eventually included in the committee record, but they were not allowed to testify.

Testimony was offered showing that two engine companies and six manufacturing companies divided 95 per cent of all navy business between them. Mr. MacFarlane asks how the majority report "could determine whether profits were moderate and reasonable when undisputed evidence shows little or no competition" in government purchases of planes, engines, and accessories. For instance, since 1926 the navy has purchased all but thirty-six of its engines from either the Pratt and Whitney Company or the Wright Aeronautical firm. When closed contracts were used, engine prices averaged $8,793. When open bidding was allowed, engine prices averaged $4,798. The Pratt and Whitney and Wright companies made an average profit of 23 per cent between them on navy business—one year profits reached 71 per cent.

The heart of the minority report is the analysis of the manner in which navy aircraft purchases have been made under authority of the Air Act of 1926. This measure was the result of the famous Morrow Aviation Board's recommendations and has the plain intent to provide for open competitive bidding on all aircraft purchases. However, Section 10-k of the act allows the navy to procure planes for experimental and other purposes on a closed or non-competitive basis at the discretion of the Secretary. Since the passage of the act the navy has bought 91 per cent of all its planes on a non-competitive basis. The minority report charges that the navy "openly and notoriously violated the plain letter of the law" and bolsters up this charge by quoting decisions of the legal staff of the Navy Department. The recommendations of the minority report include open bidding on all aircraft purchases, no more money to be spent on navy lighter-than-air projects, unification of all federal aeronautical activities, government operation of the air mail, and a prohibition against the letting of contracts to companies having subsidiaries or affiliates bidding on the same project.

At this writing the minority views of Mr. McFarlane have embarrassed the Naval Affairs Committee to such a degree that it has postponed accepting any reports at all from its aeronautics subcommittee.

Our Public Schools

SO firmly fixed in our minds today is the notion that public compulsory education up to the age of fourteen years must be a part of American life that it may come as a shock to many Americans to realize that in 1874 the only States in the Union which had compulsory-education laws were Massachusetts and New York. In the intervening sixty years the other forty-six States have followed suit, and our educational endeavors during the last decade have been in the direction of extending the age of compulsory attendance two and possibly more years. The latter activities have of course been based on the premise that in the United States we do in fact have an established public-school system which provides, without cost to the individual child, elementary education mandatory until he reaches the age of fourteen. Investigation of the public-school systems throughout the country, however, raises the gravest doubts that our confidence in our educational system is justified. George G. Zook, United States Commissioner of Education, reported the following statistics in the fall of 1933:

> Nearly 2,000 rural schools in twenty-four States, enrolling more than 100,000 children, have failed to open this fall. In many communities tuition is being charged in public schools. One in every four cities has shortened the school term and 715 rural schools, enrolling 35,750 children, are running less than three months; 18,000 rural schools are operating for less than six months. In nearly every big city the school terms are now one to two months shorter than they were 70 to 100 years ago.

John K. Norton, of the National Education Association, adds

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to these figures the fact that in the whole nation only forty schools were actually closed in November, 1932. But Dr. Norton estimates that at the present day 20,300 schools are closed and 1,250,000 children are thereby deprived of opportunities for education.

A corollary of and a contributing cause to the closing of schools in all parts of the country is the reduction of appropriations for public education. In 1927-30 an average of $375,000,000 was spent annually for the maintenance of school buildings, sites, and equipment; in 1933, $154,000,000 was spent for the same purpose; approximately $100,000,000 is projected for 1934. In 1926 the average amount voted for keeping a child in school for the school year was $81.90; in 1930 this figure had risen to $90.22; in 1934 it is estimated at $66.53. The sale of textbooks has dropped 30 per cent since 1930; those portions of the curriculum which, over the objections of our fathers and grandfathers, had gradually come to seem necessary parts of a public education, in addition to the three R's, have been largely dropped; music, domestic arts, physical education, health supervision, all have tended to suffer with reduced appropriations, if they have not been cut off entirely. Examples of reduced appropriations in particular localities taken at random are typical of the situation over the country. San Antonio, Texas, reduced its school budget 36 per cent in 1933; Grand Rapids, Michigan, 22 per cent; in Mississippi the average cut was 29 per cent; in Oklahoma, 20 per cent; the New York *Times* for April 22, 1933, stated that Alabama had been obliged to close 85 per cent of its elementary and secondary schools.

It is clear that this state of affairs has meant reduced salaries for teachers, and in addition larger classes, heavier schedules, longer hours. It is estimated that 200,000 registered teachers are out of jobs today. The average rural school teacher who is still at work will receive $750 for the winter just ending, according to Commissioner Zook; but 84,000 teachers will receive less than $450, while in at least eighteen States teachers are being paid in tax warrants or scrip whose cash value is at best 5 per cent below their face value and at worst amounts to nothing at all. The situation in Chicago is notorious. Salary cuts to date have nominally amounted to about 40 per cent of the 1930 salaries, but even the remainder is unpaid since May, 1933, and for many months before that time payment was made in dubious scrip.

It is highly significant of the condition as a whole that in Chicago the school budget for 1933 was cut approximately 35 per cent, while the average reduction in municipal expenditures was 10.3 per cent. In other words, our public-school system of which we have so often and so loudly boasted is suffering considerably more as a result of the economic crisis than are communities in general. Because the children could not answer back, because their parents perhaps did not realize the gravity of the situation, and because the school teachers were helpless in the face of direct threats to their jobs, local budgets have made cuts in the school funds out of all proportion to the general budgetary cuts. It is not necessary to see in all this, as certain radical organizations profess to see, a plot on the part of the capitalists to deprive workers' children of their right to an education. But, without any plot, something like this is happening. At Columbus, Ohio, as these words are written, a citizens' conference is being held on the crisis in education. It is high time that something of the sort were done in every city in the land.

Without Maecenas

THE death of Otto H. Kahn has called forth many tributes to his generous services to the Metropolitan Opera and the orchestras of New York City. He not only bestowed large sums when he could, but he gave freely of his time and of his knowledge. He was a patron of long experience and usually of good taste—this even though numbers of people long for a new deal in opera to replace the well-worn Gatti-Casazza regime. But with the artistic future of the Metropolitan we are less concerned today than with its financial future. It has lived until the last year by the favor of men as rich as Mr. Kahn, if by no means as understanding as he in the field of music. But today it and the historic Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra are passing the hat not merely to the occupants of the "golden horseshoe" of the Metropolitan Opera House but to music lovers at large. Maecenas is Maecenas no longer, and it is not without significance that when Mr. Kahn died the campaign to preserve the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra for three years was still uncompleted.

Nor is it to be believed that opera and orchestra will hereafter be the beneficiaries of rich men's favors alone, even if a considerable measure of prosperity returns within the year. The bill for capitalism's debauch will hardly be paid within this generation, and there are some once well-to-do men living in their gardeners' cottages. Huge salaries and bonuses will be curtailed if Congress does its duty; and its readiness to increase considerably income and inheritance taxes, even if not to the extent asked by Senator La Follette, suggests the burdens wealth may have to carry in years to come. That there are still rich men cannot be denied. But we doubt very much if there will again be anything like the crop of millionaires who were at once the refuge and the despair of orchestra heads, college presidents, trustees of fine-arts museums, of hospitals, and of philanthropies of every description.

Which is as it should be. Sometimes we think that nothing could be so wonderful for the development of our universities as an inability to find rich men to beg from, to elect to their governing boards, and to bestow honorary degrees upon. President Butler of Columbia University has seen what is coming; he has warned his alumni that the huge gifts of the past are ended and is no doubt laying his plans to get more through small, or smaller, contributions. His words probably struck a chill to the hearts of many honorable heads of small colleges who have never treed a cotton king or an oil baron, but have lived by gifts of the lesser rich and now find these inaccessible just as the farm loans in their endowment funds are shriveling up.

Doubtless the passing of Maecenas will work hardship for a considerable time—until our country ends the intolerable unfairness of our present acquisitive society, and our communities and governments decide that the support of cultural institutions is vastly more their duty than that of anybody else. The needs of philanthropy are not an argument for the retention of Maecenas, as so many believe, but for his early and hastened disappearance. Nor are we unmindful when we say this of the dangers that may come—that exist now—in state-controlled arts and education.

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Issues and Men

Let Us Abate Senator Copeland

IN common with millions of my fellow-citizens I am not the least bit enthusiastic about the political activities of Postmaster-General Farley. To me he is one of the serious mistakes of the Roosevelt Administration, and I am sure that if the President were aware of the amount of criticism of Mr. Farley's doings prevalent in the country, he would not wait until October to have the Postmaster-General resign the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, but would order Mr. Farley to pay attention hereafter only to his job of trying to make the Post Office pay its way, as does, for example, the British Post Office. But there is one thing for which I am grateful to Mr. Farley and that is his opposition to the reelection in the State of New York of Senator Royal S. Copeland. I wish that Mr. Farley had based his opposition purely on the unfitness of Senator Copeland to hold the high office which he has held, but not honored, ever since 1923, rather than on his voting against President Roosevelt in the matter of the Independent Offices bill. It is time that the Empire State obtained in Senator Copeland's place a man who in dignity, ability, brains, trustworthiness, and liberalism would be worthy of it.

The simple truth is that Senator Copeland in no wise measures up to the standard of Senator Wagner, or of any of the really progressive and useful members of the Senate. He has never made a speech that bore signs of genuine intellectual ability, and his incessant talking on every subject in the Senate has made of him a "dinner-bell." There is no other Senator who empties the Senate as regularly or as rapidly when he speaks. He goes with the crowd except when he obeys the orders of his real dominator, not to say master, William R. Hearst, and he may be counted on to vote for the strongly nationalistic and imperialistic policies of Mr. Hearst at any and all times. Why not? As a regular contributor to the Hearst press with a stereotyped column of medical hints, he is naturally disinclined to differ from one of his employers.

One of his employers. Senator Copeland has never subscribed to the outworn doctrine that when the United States pays a Senator a salary it is entitled to all his time. When you have so many strings to your bow and are so unusually talented in various directions you cannot be expected to confine yourself merely to one job. We know that Uncle Sam pays ridiculously small salaries. A Senator's salary may be large enough to keep Senator Borah on the job twelve months in the year—although he might make many thousands of dollars by outside speaking engagements—but, after all, Senator Borah comes from the small State of Idaho, and the people of the Empire State have a right to hear often from their senior Senator. Dr. Copeland obliges them—frequently. Thus his mellifluous tones have gone over the air under the auspices of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Fleischman's Yeast, Nujol, and, if my memory does not fail me, Pluto water, which shows how profoundly interested he is in the inner workings of his great New York constituency. Far be it from me to insinuate that he is boosting any of these products. By no means. I doubt very much that he ever has mentioned the name of a single one of them during the course of his talks. He merely goes on their programs. They give him the opportunity, plus a handsome check, and not only all the radio listeners of New York State but millions of other Americans have profited by that professional advice on how to keep well and strong and happy and make America bigger and better that he pours out into the circumambient and receptive ether. He also indorses that marvelous Air-Way vacuum cleaner. Then there is the Hearst syndicate; if that does not eke out the Senatorial salary I must be sorely mistaken and I apologize profusely in advance. Sound and solid members of the medical profession look with contempt upon these Copeland medical articles, but that is, of course, professional spite and jealousy.

There is also the Copeland Service, a business office run by the Senator's son which gives much useful advice to advertisers of proprietary medicines. This is a worth-while organization in these troublous times when there are Tugwell bills and other obstacles to the time-hallowed American custom of selling pink pills to pale people through advertising in the press. There is no connection whatever, by the way, between this service and the Senator's method of presiding over the hearings upon the Tugwell bill, which has emerged more and more emasculated after every hearing under his superb and friendly, very friendly guidance. Can anyone doubt that, whatever the profits from his undertakings, the Senator's real motive is the public health and the raising of standards of public virtue? The Doctor has always been a crank on public health. Has anyone forgotten that when he was Commissioner of Health in the city of New York he spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to employ an army of rat-catchers at $5 a day—they averaged at least one rat a day—in order to save the city from bubonic plague? Of course it is malicious to point out that most of these rat-catchers extraordinary were specially put on emergency pay rolls, and that many of them were from the Senator's own district. This merely illustrates the Senator's generosity and his readiness to stand by his own.

Well, the Senator is showing fight. He declares that he is going to seek reelection, and that he will rest his candidacy with the voters of New York State and not with a group of "self-imposed political dictators." That is the way to talk. Let us be thoroughly democratic. No tribune of the people should be afraid to go before them and demand their suffrage. Has the Doctor not given them fullest proof of his profound interest in their digestive tracts? None the less, I hope the Empire State has its fill of Old Doc Copeland and will disgorge him promptly.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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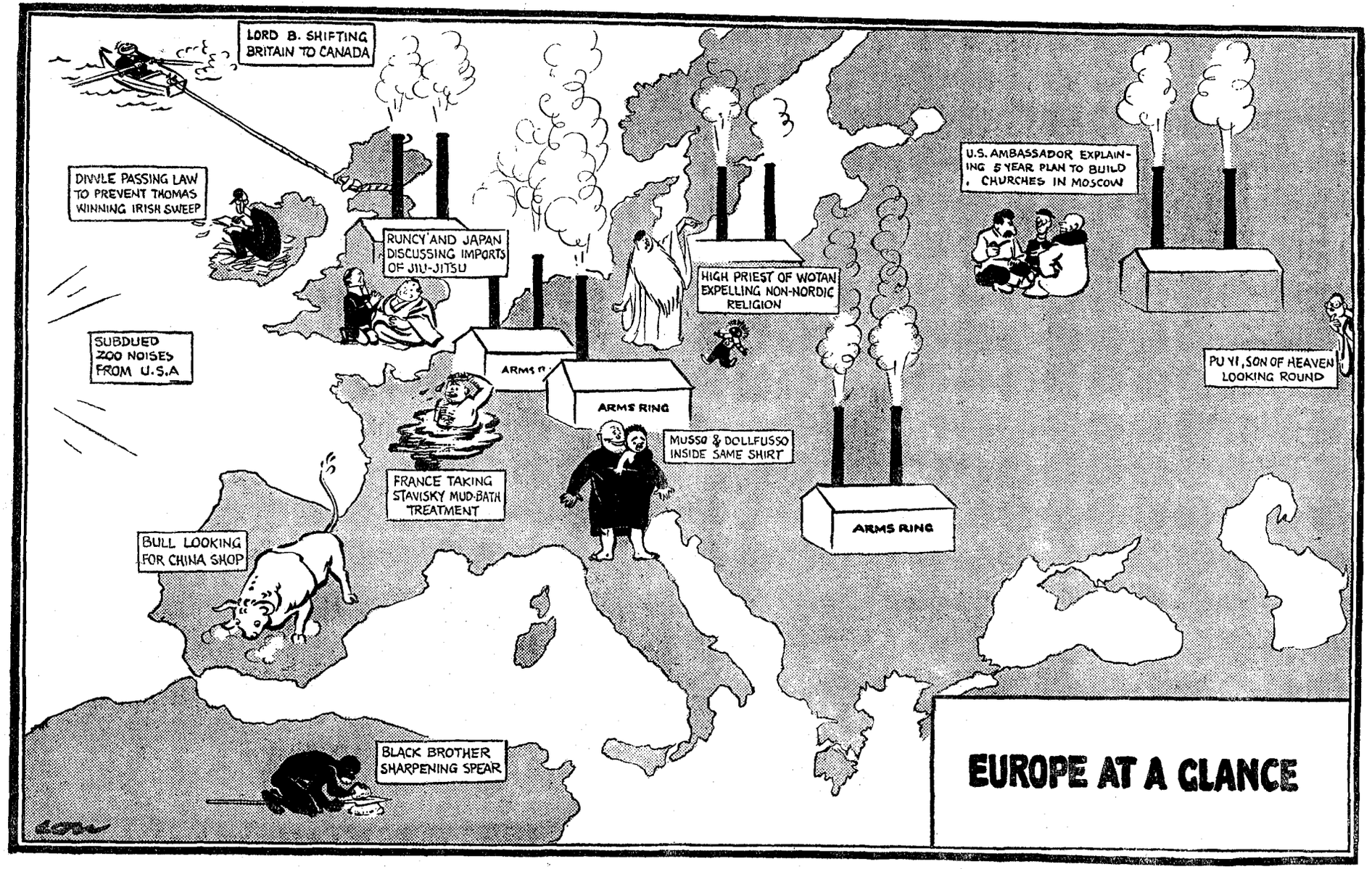

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Housing: A Call to Action

By ALBERT MAYER

LAST week I pointed out that the collapse of the government's meager housing program was due to its very meagerness, and that the inadequacy of its allotted funds was a gauge of the Administration's interest in it. An illustration of this statement is the recently suggested program for spending something like a billion dollars during the rest of 1934 on house renovations. That is how the government talks when it means business. I have nothing against house renovation as such, except when it is to restore a semblance of life to obsolete buildings that should be torn down. But I am very much afraid that this is a first step indicating that the building and loan associations, the subdividers, the speculative builders have got the ear of those who count, and that the next step will be loans on small houses and the familiar Own Your Own Home campaign. The real-estate men talk of vacancies, but the newspapers frequently carry headlines—"Urge Federal Aid to Small Builder. Loan Association Head Suggests Loans up to $10,000." For that kind of speculative building there are plenty of advocates, especially as the government's announcement contained an intimation that an attempt would be made to induce labor to work for lower wages on such projects. If we want *housing* as opposed to *houses,* we must get into action promptly. There is as yet no budgetary provision for housing and there is no talk of more funds for it.

The call to action must be implemented by a clear statement of what we are to go into action for. What is housing, or what ought it to be? Popularly, it connotes building of residential quarters, generally for poor people—who in the end never seem to occupy them. People generally and business men particularly always conceive of it as on a small, harmless scale, and often call it "model" housing, to which it has been confined in this country. The basic principle of housing is the provision of satisfactory living quarters for everybody. In it are comprised the creation of recreational facilities and open areas, the convenient linking of residential communities with each other and with business and industrial areas, the complete replanning of streets and roads, the revamping of transportation facilities to minimize the daily dreary, crowded journey to and from work which has done so much to bankrupt our cities, the creation of a new community life to take care of increasing leisure, and the training of a new personnel to guide it. We have here no philanthropic, sentimental job, but a national problem of the very first importance socially and economically. If we accomplish this, we shall probably encompass a second result—the restoration of our municipal finances to a sound basis. The word housing fails to express all this; a better name might be community building.

A housing or community-building program has four major aspects:

1. Proper housing means housing for the entire population. Much broader than any "model-housing" program, this involves two principles that require emphasis. First, everyone, whether he can "afford" it or not, is entitled to a safe, sanitary place in which to live, with proper open spaces for light, air, and recreation, and to proper community life and safety for his children. These are minimum requirements, and if the present financial structure of land prices, money rates, construction costs, and wages do not permit all the people to have them, then the structure must be readjusted so that they can. As a matter of fact, more than one-half our people, at the lowest estimate, cannot pay for these necessities. The second point is that most of even the higher-income half of our population are not properly housed in well-planned communities large enough to be immune from haphazard adjacent development or encroachment. The upper half has better plumbing, heating, more electric plugs, and so forth, but with respect to light, air, sunshine, parks, and immunity from heavy traffic, it is not much better off than the lower half—certainly conditions are not nearly as good as we could make them with our present knowledge.

The goal, therefore, is a new kind of housing for practically everyone except, say, 10 per cent of our population. Housing for the low-income groups is only the most urgent part of the program—as it is also the most difficult part because of the financial subsidies required.

2. Housing as thus defined implies a fundamental rebuilding of cities, or, if this is impossible, building them anew elsewhere. We can perhaps squeeze some housing into our present city patterns between areas of too high land value, but this will not unscramble the physical and financial mess in which our cities find themselves. To accomplish that, we must make our cities into permanently livable places, thus avoiding the wastes of abandoned neighborhoods and an aimless decentralization into outlying areas, which necessitates additional expenditures for the extension of utilities and transportation. The unplanned outlying areas and suburbs go the way of the older districts, develop their own blighted areas, and in turn have *their* population drained off.

3. Housing, with the concomitant activities of rebuilding streets, parks, and transportation systems, contains possibilities for production and employment on a tremendous scale. We may state this scale as a minimum of five billion dollars a year for a period of twenty-five years. Housing not only offers a means of providing employment for labor and a market for capital goods on a scale to help us out of this depression, but it furnishes permanently a balance wheel of sufficient size to be a force in stabilizing our whole production system. An annual expenditure of this amount will give permanent employment, either on the job or in the production and transportation of material, to some 2,500,000 persons. The purchasing power thus created will give employment to many more.

To such a concept of community building real estate offers stiff objection, the refrain of which is that it is unfair competition and that there are too many vacancies already. But at the same time other real-estate men point to the thousands of families yearning for new speculatively built homes. It may be replied that existing vacancies are due chiefly to the inability of people to pay rent either because they have

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no employment or because they are working for much lower wages. Hence the doubling up of some families and the break-up of others, whose individual members go back to their parents' homes. Since building offers the only means of increasing employment permanently, as contrasted with the present tendency to increase production merely, failure to pursue an extensive housing program vigorously will simply prolong the process of attrition, further decrease income and employment, and actually tend to multiply the vacancies. Construction of buildings to replace unsatisfactory old ones is not an innovation. In housing and business and industry we have always replaced obsolete equipment long before its physical life was over. The difference is that whereas so far this has been done at haphazard, with no permanent advantage and with much resulting waste, the present plan sets about the job intelligently with every prospect of permanence and progressive elimination of waste. Moreover, speculative building has always had a subsidy—a subsidy from the municipality in the shape of extension of transportation, utilities, and services before this was generally necessary.

Another siren song of real estate to which some of our economists have listened insists that unless our property "values" are kept intact by preserving our present obsolete pattern, the mortgage and municipal financial structures based on them will collapse. But these structures are even now collapsing, as is evidenced by mounting tax delinquencies, mortgage foreclosures and assignments of rent, and bankruptcy of mortgage companies. To pretend that the present assessed values are real taxable values does not make them so. To continue the pretense of fictitious values is to accelerate the decay, because new building cannot proceed on the basis of such values and old buildings will become progressively less able to pay fixed charges. If we start large-scale building on a sensible municipal pattern based on realistically lowered land values, we do decrease the theoretical taxes, which become progressively less collectable, but we increase the actual collected taxes by preserving the still existing real values against their continuing decay. At the same time we create cities that can get along on lower taxes since we eliminate the wastes of excessive transportation and traffic, traffic policing, and over-extended utilities.

4. As the new housing will make provisions for the new leisure, it will offer a new kind of employment for a large number of people. We shall require newly trained playground supervisors, conductors of workshops, directors of community centers. The whole program should permanently absorb more than 300,000 persons in this work, including the college and university personnel necessary to train them.

Such a housing program as I have outlined, in order to be carried out, must be backed by every ounce of public pressure and by corresponding determination on the part of all officials involved. Certain conditions must also be met:

1. The work must be done on a large scale so as to have the advantage of the construction economies not possible in small-scale building and of integrated planning as against haphazard location of buildings. Further, the project must be on a sufficiently large scale to assure the advantages of a relatively self-contained community life. This means that construction must be in the hands of governmental agencies in large measure, for private initiative has always meant uncoordinated development. In the higher-rental range, private construction might continue, with governmental control of the larger aspects.

2. Land must be declared a public utility or must be taken into public ownership. For housing means an orderly redevelopment of the physical frame of our life, and it cannot get anywhere if it is balked at every turn by speculative values or obstructionist owners. One of the first required measures is a new condemnation principle in our law by which land declared to be required for housing would be evaluated purely on the basis of its usefulness for the kind of housing appropriate to it.

3. The decent rehousing of our lower income groups—by conservative estimate from 60 to 70 per cent of our population—involves a readjustment of the relations of wages, land costs, and money rates. A proper relationship among these may be attained by subsidies; by lowered interest rates or, in the extreme cases, no interest; by changing the basis of municipal taxes so that real estate no longer carries the entire burden of municipal financial structures; by raising real wages; by lowering land prices; or by interadjustments of all these. This is the core of the problem.

4. The question of changing the base of municipal taxation, mentioned in Section 3, must be tackled. The tax on real estate is a tax on rent and in effect a consumers' tax. For so-called model-housing projects municipal tax exemption is sometimes granted, but it can be granted only as a gesture in a few cases, for if it were on a sufficient scale to mean anything, the city's revenues would be seriously impaired. In low- and medium-rental housing, taxes take some 15 per cent of the rental. Some form of income tax by municipalities which would make it possible to lower this rate must be instituted.

5. In financing a program of such magnitude the federal government will at first have to supply the funds. After some years a substantial part of them may become available from amortization, even at the low fifty- or sixty-year rates that should be established. Intermediate requirements should come largely from savings banks and insurance companies, which should be required to invest a fixed portion of their assets in these projects. Their funds will be a good deal safer than the mortgage loans that they have been accustomed to make. It may prove advantageous to use an income tax to lessen the amount of interest-bearing indebtedness.

Education for a program such as this is vitally necessary. People generally, and social workers and trade-union leaders and consumer groups in particular, should understand what housing means. In Europe the enormous progress in housing was in great part the result of the demands and knowledge of the trade unions. It should be understood that real housing is not sample slum clearance and model housing. This model housing is pernicious because it is misleading. Even if it were better than it is, it does not contain the seeds of a general program. It does not house and never will house more than one-tenth of 1 per cent of our population. We must have a program that will build up new and stimulating patterns of urban life, a program whose realistic implication is the rehousing of most of our population ultimately, and a sizable proportion—say, not less than 3½ per cent—every year. The job at hand is to take the enthusiasm and the hopes that the present program has stimulated, and to galvanize them into immediate effective demand for a real program.

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Class War in Spain

By LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, March 20

"I AM not hungry today," he said. "I ate my cat." I laughed. I thought he was joking. But the Spanish peasant who used these words and the men and women who had gathered around me in the mud hut were quite serious. A woman aged twenty-seven, who had five living children and looked forty-five, said: "Recently a horse fell dead on the road, and we all ran out to cut off pieces of its flesh." This was in a village thirty minutes by electric trolley from the much-advertised city of Seville in the province of Andalusia, rich in land and water. At first I had not wanted to go to a place so near a city. My impression would be too favorable to be representative of all of Spain. But I found a misery, a destitution, and a hopelessness that beggar description. Yet the peasants of Puebla del Rio told me that in the neighboring village conditions were much worse, and when I spoke of the matter to Spaniards of various classes, they said: "That is nothing. You should go to Estremadura."

The inhabitants of Puebla del Rio were dressed more poorly than the peasants of a poor Ukrainian village. One man told me that he had last eaten meat eight months before at the funeral of a city friend. "And butter?" "We don't know what it means." Even the children never got milk. I went into a dozen houses and looked carefully for food supplies. In one earthen home I found two small bunches of scallions, four potatoes, a small, half-filled bottle of vegetable oil—no bread. No family had sugar.

This is not a bad year. It is a normal year. These people and several million more Spaniards live in a permanent state of semi-starvation. Tens of thousands of Spanish peasants inhabit caves and subsist on spinach and grass. Whole districts are known for their underfed cretins. This has been going on for decades. The most distressing feature is not so much that conditions are horrible as that nothing is being done to remedy them. I have seen misery aplenty in the Soviet Union. But that misery, even the 1933 Ukrainian famine, was the concomitant, in part the result—sad paradox—of prodigious efforts, now already crowned with considerable success, to give the country a new and permanently healthy agrarian base, whereas in Spain the poverty stimulates no endeavor to destroy it. I inquired in Puebla del Rio what they did eat. Their diet was coffee without milk, bread, and beans. For three days the village authorities had distributed bread. Today they had failed to do so and the people would go without it. I made notes of all articles in several of the mud huts—three or four wooden chairs, a wooden table, a few pots, spoons, and plates, a pan for washing clothes, beds with straw pallets, and that was all. Many clothes were ragged; shoes were of canvas.

The folks I met owned neither horse, nor cow, nor pig, nor fowl, nor sheep. They were agricultural workers who did not even possess enough land for truck growing. This is the situation of the great mass of the Spanish peasantry—completely landless. All the soil of Puebla del Rio belongs to three owners who employ the entire population. Employ? Laborers work about four months a year. One woman's husband had not earned anything for six months straight.

"We are waiting for death," a middle-aged peasant replied to my question about the future. The republic had given them nothing. "Damned republic," one woman shouted. They all wanted land, and the republic had not given it to them. In other provinces, especially in the north, the problem is not to give land to landless workers but to give more land to peasants whose holdings are too small to afford them a decent livelihood. In Galicia, for instance, 2,900,000 hectares are divided into 2,500,000 holdings—about one hectare (two and a half acres) per family. In 1925—and Spain moves slowly so that the statistics still hold—a registration area covering one-third of the entire country was studied. Of the 1,053,402 land proprietors 874,548, or almost 90 per cent, earned less than one peseta a day, but 1,096 earned 1,000 pesetas a day. They were the owners of the big latifundia. The poor have either no land or insufficient land; the feudal masters have too much.

The Spanish republic was created in 1931 not merely to destroy the feudal monarchy but to overthrow the feudal land system on which that monarchy rested. Spain needed a French Revolution. But the republic has failed to make one. The Spanish republic is safe. The issue—monarchy or republic—is dead. Even the Catholic reactionaries seem to be reconciled to the republic now that they see they can dominate it. But the new republican shell surrounds a content that has not changed. The interrelationship of classes in Spain is the same now as under Alfonso. The people wanted a social revolution. They got only a political revolution.

Spain's greatest need, Spain's crying need, is for a thorough and sweeping land reform. When the republic came into being the Socialists and the liberals led by Azaña attempted to introduce agrarian changes by decree. They were blocked by the landowners and the bourgeoisie. Thereupon Azaña, Prime Minister from October, 1931, to September, 1933, and still regarded by some as Spain's strong man, set to work on a new land law. He worked at it for a year and a half—meanwhile nothing happened. When Azaña told me this I could scarcely suppress a smile. "A year and a half to write a law?" "Yes," he declared, "but we were busy fighting political and religious enemies. Social problems had to wait." The Socialists, too, compromised on vital economic issues in order to safeguard the republic. And today the republic is governed by those very forces against which Azaña and the Socialists wished to protect it.

The republic, to be sure, has certain achievements to its credit. It raised the wages of agricultural workers and prohibited the importation of cheap Portuguese labor. But Largo Caballero, the Minister of Labor responsible for these improvements, the honored leader of Spanish socialism, and now called the "Lenin of Spain," admitted to me that his legislation had only helped the village for a time to eat a little more, but not to accumulate any reserves or to dress or live better. And besides, he added, everything that he had done was now wiped out by the parties of the right which

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last November wriggled into power with the help of the women's votes and those of the dead, who had lately developed a weakness for voting twice. Landed proprietors have rudely slashed wages and are disregarding the republic's labor-protecting enactments. What is worse, the feudal landowners—I met some of them and some of their monarchist and fascist scions—are smuggling their money abroad, or speculating in land (land ownership is becoming more concentrated even than it was before: 514 estates in Cáceres province, for instance, comprised 566,415 hectares), or transferring their fortunes to the cities. Vast stretches of land lie idle. The owners neglect them; the government does not confiscate them; and meantime the village proletariat suffers for want of work.

To the traveler Spain gives the impression of being a highly civilized nation. Although the barbarous Christians mutilated the famous mosque in Cordova by building a cathedral into it and over it, although Spanish princes violated the exquisite Arab Alcazar of Seville by introducing vile paintings and ugly, vulgar furniture, although even the incomparable Moorish Alhambra of Granada did not escape the heavy hands of Isabella and Ferdinand of Castile, nevertheless, the dignity and calm beauty of these very cities and the general deportment and urbanity of the population testify to a deep, ancient, and widespread culture. And then the mind succumbs to doubt: Can a nation be civilized which tolerates such universal destitution in city and hamlet, tolerates it—and ignores it—for centuries? The root of the evil is feudalism, feudalism shorn yet tenaciously alive. The obsolete forms of land tenure in Spain have made it a poor and backward country, dotted, to be sure, by many islands of enormous wealth but incapable of progress. The republic changed none of the fundamentals of this situation. Agriculture languishes and industry consequently cannot grow. The village throws part of its hungry surplus into the cities, but the cities fail to absorb these human dregs. Hence the multitudinous beggars, the ubiquitous bootblacks, and those thousands who sound their beautiful cries in the thoroughfares trying all day to sell government lottery tickets. In Seville there are two workers unemployed for every three at work; the government pays the idle nothing, and there is no private organized charity.

I visited the home of a stone quarrier in Colmenar Viejo, a small town thirty-three kilometers from Madrid. His wife opened two pots that stood on the fire: one contained coffee, for which she had no milk, the other a meatless soup, and pointing to a baby that lay sick with hernia in the cradle she exclaimed: "Can you expect a mother to nurse her child on such fare?" Last year two of her children, aged seven and five, died. Both had suffered from malnutrition. The man's debts to grocer and relatives exceed what he could earn in the next three years if he worked fairly regularly. He had worked only twenty-five days in the last six months. And yet he was not one of the poorest he said. Compared with the miserable peasants of Puebla del Rio he lived like a millionaire.

Circumstantial evidence and the opinions of most authorities whom I consulted support the conclusion that the Spanish bourgeoisie is unwilling and unable to alter present conditions. Industrialists should be opposed to feudalism. It means a poverty-stricken population which cannot serve as a market for the manufactured goods. During the Kerensky regime in Russia the industrial bourgeoisie of the Ukraine sent its representatives to Kerensky urging him to solve the agrarian problem by giving land to the peasantry; the small-capitalist peasants would then become the staunchest bulwark against bolshevism. This was shrewd advice. Kerensky could not take it because he was a captive of the landowners. He could not expropriate the land. In Spain, however, the industrial bourgeoisie has not even offered such advice. On the contrary, it collaborates willingly with the conservative Agrarians against the menace of radicalism. They would rather see Spain poor than see it Socialist, yet at the proper time they will of course protest their love of the Spanish nation and revile the Marxists as "enemies of the people."

A bloc formed of the industrial bourgeoisie and the Agrarians is the combination now in office. They use Prime Minister Lerroux, spokesman of the milder center, as a screen. While he shields them from the view of an electorate which might resent the spectacle of a government consisting of violent reactionaries and men but recently anti-republican—republicans now for expediency but not conviction—they are reducing the republic to an empty word and consolidating their position in the state machinery and in other strategic organizations. They may discard Lerroux, or he may become too impotent to be worth the trouble of even a slight Cabinet crisis. The chief function of the present government is to keep the Socialists out of power. "We will solve the agrarian problem," a Catalan industrialist, member of the Cortes, said to me, "without either a French or a Bolshevik revolution." More concretely, his party proposes to give irrigation water and credits to present landowners and thus reinforce a system of land tenure that has been responsible for Spain's retrogression.

This being the political situation, it is only natural that many Spanish republicans should be rather sour about the manner in which their own child, the republic, has been growing up. In their disillusionment they have been taking refuge in thoughts of violent revolution, and the most popular topic of conversation among Spanish Socialists is the impending civil war. But the Socialists and the Azaña moderates have partly themselves to blame. Having brought in the republic by a popular election, they thought they could also revolutionize society by democratic methods. Experience has shown, however, that it was easier to expel the king than it is to tame the landlords. The Socialists have many regrets. Some of them believe that on May 11-14, 1931, when workers and peasants burned convents and churches throughout the country while the citizenry and the police looked on, it would have been possible to let the peasants take the land and then to make a real revolution. But the Socialists were drunk with legality and checked the revolutionary trend.

An even greater popular resentment against the landlords and reactionaries was released in August, 1932, by the rebellion of the monarchist General Sanjurjo. Azaña at that juncture took advantage of the revolutionary élan and decreed the confiscation of all the estates of all the grandees, but not a few are sorry that the Socialists did not go much farther. Some of the estates were actually confiscated, yet none have been parceled out. All in all, less than 10,000 peasants have been settled on the land by the republic. The process requires money. The peasants must be equipped

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with animals and machines. This the Azaña Government and the Socialists and of course the present Cabinet have left undone. The Socialists plead their weakness at the time. But their hands were actually very near the state machine and its forces of compulsion. The importance of being the government or in it cannot be overestimated. If the Socialists now try, as they intend, to upset the social apple cart, it will require a much greater effort and much more blood. The Socialists not only missed opportunities in 1931, 1932, and 1933; their reforms lacked permanence. They raised wages, but wages have been and can be lowered again. Azaña purged the army, which had always been an agency for military coups and military dictatorships, but the rights in power today are undoing Azaña's good work. One vastly significant service, however, the Azaña-Socialist regime did perform: it broke the ice of popular lethargy. It stirred the people to think and to organize and to prepare for the real revolution yet to come. In the future this will probably be adjudged the greatest achievement of the first three years of the Spanish republic.

Today the Spanish Socialists are experiencing "a crisis of hope," as Fernando de los Rios, former Socialist Minister of Foreign Affairs, said to me. It was better under the monarchy, he thought, because then they hoped for the republic. Now the republic is here and they are disappointed. De los Rios himself, a professor and scholar, naturally mild and liberal, has, after a serious mental struggle, shed his democracy and gone over to the camp of the violent revolutionaries. Dr. Pedroso, a man of the same type, a member of the Spanish delegation to the League of Nations, has followed the same ideological course. The whole Socialist Party of Spain is now definitely committed to revolution. Caballero, its leader, told me that it would never again join any Cabinet as a minority, "and if we get the majority in an election," he added, "the bourgeoisie will probably try to keep us out of office by force." Perhaps, therefore, he suggested, the Socialists would boycott the polls in the future. The only path to power, they believe, lies through civil war. For a party which was in office as late as September, 1933, this represents a rapid ideological evolution. The Socialists are already, albeit timorously, urging the organization of workers' soviets.

Caballero is much respected among Communists for his honesty and sincerity. The Socialist press never attacks the Communists, and any number of Socialist deputies in the Cortes, as well as other spokesmen, assured me that very little divided them today from Moscow. Their sympathy for the Soviet Union is boundless. They do not take the Second International seriously. The Viennese artillery slaughter taught the Spanish Socialists that even the most class-conscious working class will not rise if its leaders betray it too long and too often. The Spanish Socialists know that the masses trusted them and that between 1931 and 1933 they frequently betrayed that trust. The urban and rural proletariat lost all faith in the polls and in the pledges of democratic parties. The Communists consequently made much headway in those years, especially in Seville and other centers where the Socialists are weak. At present, therefore, Caballero is borrowing from and parleying with the Communists.

But the rights learned a lesson from Vienna, too. It encouraged them. The Agrarians are organizing their own popular youth league which may ultimately go fascist (the university students are leaning toward national socialism), and they are founding their own "company unions" in the villages to compete with the Socialist trade unions on the land. Caballero admitted that the right was stronger now in the government and therefore in the country generally. Partly through Azaña's tactics and partly as a result of larger political tendencies so evident everywhere in Europe, the center parties which might have absorbed the shock of a clash between the right and the left have lost influence. The polarization of Spanish political life has been moving forward apace, and today the hostile camps face each other thinking chiefly of rifles and bullets.

Socialists and foreigners told me that the post office, the American-controlled telephone company, and all government buildings are filled with machine-gun nests ever on the alert. The army, not quite reliable because the conscripts know how poorly their families live, is kept in the background, its arms locked in the barracks. Some of its non-commissioned officers, one hears, are furtively training workingmen for street fighting. The real force on which the rights depend is the Civil Guard, 35,000 strong, extremely well paid, and strategically distributed throughout the country. Its members, mostly middle-aged, may not be able to run fast but they can shoot well and they have done so. Peasants and workers are consumed by a bitter hatred for this counter-revolutionary unit, and in case of civil war its barracks and those of the supplementary Assault Guard—creature of the republic!—would be the first objects of bombing and incendiarism. The hatred, however, is no greater than the fear. In numerous places where the peasants have seized land from the proprietors the Civil Guard has come, killed a few men to restore confidence, and then returned the property. When I asked peasants why they did not confiscate the land, they replied in two words: "Guardia Civile." It is possible, therefore, that the peasants will not rebel until the revolution has been successful in the cities, but the Socialists argue that the government and the Civil Guard cannot cope with a widespread insurrection. Their forces are too limited. Vienna was one concentrated target. But in Spain the elements of revolution are everywhere, and the village is not reactionary as in Austria.

The Socialists have been devouring every available piece of literature on the science of the coup d'etat, not even omitting Malaparte's worthless contribution. Caballero has read Lenin in French and Trotzky's "History of the Revolution" in Spanish. This is indispensable preparation, but arms are as important, and I think the Spanish revolutionists have too few of them and too little money. The Socialists, moreover, have only just emerged from the battle with their own reformist past; some members, like Juan Moran, member of the constituent Cortes from Cordova, still cling to it though they promise to obey the revolutionary summons, and their ideological armor is none too thick. Nor is their discipline of the highest. The whole revolutionary *volte-face* is too new. The rank and file have heard of it but do not feel it, and some do not even know what it signifies. The Socialist Party, in fact, has not yet announced its revolutionary land program, and the peasants, who have been fooled before, must be convinced before they court the rifle fire of the Civil Guard.

Nevertheless, the Socialists talk as if the civil war might

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come any day, certainly within a few months. Vienna has taught them that a Socialist Party can wait until it is too late. On the other hand, Gil Robles, leader of the Agrarians, whom Azaña described as the "agent of the Jesuits," may provoke a fight before the Socialists are fully prepared. He may avail himself in direct or indirect fashion of the services of the Anarcho-Syndicalists, still very powerful in Spain, who are the greatest obstacle to Socialist success.

Meanwhile strikes multiply—some being won and some lost—killings are numerous, fascists fight Communists and Socialists on the streets as in the Germany of pre-Hitler days, and the reactionary government, availing itself of instruments bequeathed to it by Azaña and the Socialists, has proscribed the Socialist youth organization, suppressed some radical dailies, and interfered with trade-union activities. The navy has engaged in strike-breaking. The republic is nothing like the perfect society about which the idealists dreamed for so many years.

Spokesmen of the government are convinced it can crush any attempt at revolution. The Socialists are convinced that unless they fight their movement will die in ignominy. They count on victory, but they are ready for defeat. Spain and Russia, both reactionary, were the two continental Powers that contributed most to undermining Napoleon. Spain and Russia, both radical, the Socialists here say, will resist the reaction that is enveloping all of Europe in its black shroud.

Will Germany Conquer France?

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, March 28

IT is unfortunate that at a moment when the European situation is so full of peril to peace the Stavisky scandal has diverted public attention in France from international affairs and plunged the country into bitter internal strife. The present French internal situation is so much to the advantage of certain foreign Powers that it would not be surprising if they had done something to foment the agitation. Those who are conducting the inquiry into the mysterious murder at Dijon of Judge Albert Prince, an important witness in the Stavisky scandal, have probably not excluded the hypothesis of foreign agents.

French reactions to the Nazi regime in Germany have been disconcerting. Ever since the victory the French have been in terror of Germany, more so than before the war, and their exaggerated fear of Germany at a time when there was no immediate justification for it led them into such mistakes as the occupation of the Ruhr. Then came Briand's policy of reconciliation with Germany, which made possible the evacuation of the Rhineland at the end of June, 1930, and led after Briand's death to the entire suppression of reparations in July, 1931, and the four-Power declaration in favor of equal rights for Germany in December of the same year. The policy of reconciliation has completely failed, for Hitler's success dates from the evacuation of the Rhineland, and every concession to Germany has been followed by a great increase in the Nazi poll. At the general election of 1928 Hitler polled only about 800,000 votes in the whole of Germany; in September, 1930, he polled between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 votes, and his poll increased at each subsequent general election until he became the master of Germany about two and a half years after the evacuation of the Rhineland. In 1929 Professor Wilhelm Förster foretold that the evacuation of the Rhineland would be followed by a great nationalist and militarist revival in Germany. I criticized him severely at the time, but events have proved that he was right and I was wrong.

Now Germany is an immediate danger not only to France but to European civilization, the German government has torn up the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, and German rearmament has gone far. One would have expected French opinion to be more excited than it has ever been before, but it is outwardly calm. This is not, however, the calmness of conscious strength. The French are more terrified by Germany than ever, but their fear has paralyzed them. Ever since Hitler came into power France has drifted like a rudderless ship. Her rulers, afraid to move in any direction or to take any initiative, have had no policy of their own and have been content to follow the lead of Ramsay MacDonald or Mussolini. As Johannes Steel said in *The Nation* of March 7, the Nazis do not fear the French system of alliances, for they know how seriously that system has been weakened by the impotence of French diplomacy. Poland has been estranged, perhaps irrevocably. Pilsudski and Beck, having failed to induce the French government to make a stand against Nazi Germany, came to the conclusion that they had better come to terms with Hitler. At the last moment before the German-Polish pact was signed, Beck plainly hinted to Paul-Boncour at Geneva that Poland would not sign it if France would begin to take a strong line in regard to Germany, but the hint met with no response.

Thanks to French policy, or the lack of one, the Little Entente is far from being in a healthy condition. Jugoslavia is irritated by the hold that Mussolini has been allowed to get on Austria and is in danger of falling under German influence. For the Jugoslavs Italy is much more the enemy than Germany and they would prefer Anschluss to a permanent Italian domination in Austria. Mussolini, who has designs on Dalmatia, encourages Hungarian designs on Jugoslav territory, and during his recent visit to Budapest Suvich said in a public speech that he hoped one day to visit a restored Hungary. Moreover, outrages are organized in Jugoslavia by Italian and Hungarian agents. Czecho-Slovakia on the other hand is being pressed by France to come to terms with Italy. Thus Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia are drifting apart. The estrangement of France's allies began with the French acceptance of the Four-Power Pact, one of the greatest blunders made by French diplomacy in recent years. Russia was ready, if not to make an alliance, at least to enter into close relations with France, but in spite of Herriot's tentative efforts the French government has been afraid to carry the matter farther because it would involve a new orientation of French policy.

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The net result is that France is in danger of losing her allies and being either isolated by England, Germany, and Italy or else forced into an alliance or close understanding with Nazi Germany, which would in the end be fatal both to France and to Europe. Already France hardly counts as a factor in European politics, and the wife of a French diplomatist in Berlin told a friend of mine recently that the contempt for France in German official quarters was such that she was almost ashamed of being French. What else could be expected? The Nazis respect only those whom they believe to be stronger than themselves and regard concessions as signs of weakness. To try to appease Hitler by concessions is, as a friend of mine puts it, like trying to appease a tiger by offering it a saucer of cream.

Nazi Germany is a menace to European civilization, and on France more than any other country the successful defense of European civilization depends. Although so much ground and so much time have been lost, it is still, one hopes and believes, in the power of France to organize the forces necessary for that defense and to repulse the new barbarian invasion. If France fails, European civilization is lost. And there must be no mistake about it. The barbarian invasion will not be repulsed by pacts or conventions. It will be repulsed only by force—perhaps economic force might be enough, although I doubt it, but it will have to be force of some kind. And the longer we wait, the more force will be required. If France, Poland, and the Little Entente had marched into Germany last May, as General Weygand and the Polish government then urged, the Germans could have offered no effective resistance. Hitler was well aware of this, which explains why he hastened to propose negotiations with Poland when the Polish Minister in Berlin asked him in effect whether he wanted war or not and hinted that, if he did, Poland was ready. Now that Hitler has been rearming Germany for a year the situation is different. A reoccupation of German territory would no doubt mean war. This being so, many of those who were in favor of preventive action—if you like, preventive war—say that it is now too late and we may as well wait and prepare for the war that will not be preventive, which is certain to come whenever Germany is ready. Let it not be thought that those in favor of a military occupation of Germany were all nationalists or militarists or politicians of the right. I know a French Socialist who urged that course on Daladier last May, but in vain. The first step would probably have been to demand an inquiry by the League of Nations into German armaments under Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles. If Hitler had refused to allow an inquiry, as he probably would have refused, or if, after the inquiry had shown, as it would have, that the Treaty of Versailles had been flagrantly violated, Hitler had refused to conform to the provisions of the treaty, then the action would have been taken. If it had been thought that all this would take too long, it would have been easy to find another pretext—for example, a demand for the immediate suppression of the Nazi storm troops.

Daladier hesitated and finally decided against the course suggested. He would almost certainly have agreed to it had England been willing to join in the action, but the British government was not willing to send the British fleet to Hamburg, which was all that it was asked to do. Apart from the general British objection to intervention when British interests in the narrow sense of the term are not involved and it is only a question of defending civilization, Ramsay MacDonald would never consent to do anything against his friend Hitler. It has often been said that French opinion would not tolerate action of this kind, and that if the reservists had been called up they would have revolted. It is true that the French are intensely pacific and hate the idea of war for any reason, but they could have been convinced in two or three weeks that the slight risk of an occupation of German territory was to be preferred to the risk of a European war a few years later. The government, however, had done everything possible to prevent public feeling from becoming aroused against Nazi Germany. For a few weeks after the beginning of the Nazi regime the French papers published plenty of information about what was going on in Germany and then suddenly stopped. The word had gone out from the Quai d'Orsay to say as little as possible about events in Germany, and in the papers under government influence, which are the great majority and include all those with large circulations, only the barest news about Germany was given and nearly every fact discreditable to the Nazi regime was hushed up. Anybody might have thought that the French press was controlled by the German Propaganda Ministry and took its orders from Goebbels. This was the policy of Daladier and Paul-Boncour. It was an insult to the French people, who were treated like nervous invalids unable to stand the truth. The authors of this policy cannot put the responsibility for their own poltroonery on the public opinion that they had falsified and misled.

Emil Lengyel gave in *The Nation* of February 21 some accurate and interesting information about Nazi propaganda in a certain section of the French press. As he said, it is found principally in nationalist papers in close touch with the armament interests, but not entirely. Undoubtedly some of it is paid for by the German government, which is spending vast sums on propaganda abroad. Everybody in Paris knows which papers and what journalists have been under German influence. They were in some cases also beneficiaries of Stavisky's liberalities—a somewhat suggestive fact. But Fernand de Brinon's interview with Hitler in the *Matin* and Jacques Chastenet's anonymous article from Berlin in the *Temps* would not have been published without encouragement in official quarters. Daladier wanted direct negotiations with Hitler and therefore wished the French public to be persuaded that Hitler's pacific overtures to France were sincere. It is probable that Daladier was influenced by a quite justifiable annoyance at the conduct of the British government and an equally justifiable distrust of Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon, who have let France down more than once. A Franco-German alliance, which is what Hitler offered, would ultimately be directed against England as well as Russia.

There is nothing new in the flirtation of a section of the right in France with the idea of a Franco-German military alliance. Such an alliance was suggested by Papen three or four years ago, and Paul Reynaud, who afterwards became a member of Tardieu's Cabinet, discussed it with Papen and other German Catholics and reactionaries during a visit to Berlin. Papen repeated the suggestion to Herriot at the Lausanne conference in 1932 and was badly snubbed. One of the aims of the alliance was to be the destruction of Soviet Russia, and that appealed to French reactionaries. It is natural that the idea of a Franco-German alliance should be

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supported by the armament interests in both countries, for it would mean the end of disarmament. To be of use to each other the two allies would both have to be heavily armed, and a completely free hand for Germany in the matter of armaments would be an essential condition of the alliance, without which Hitler would not consent to it. That Hitler desires an alliance is quite understood in official quarters in Paris, where the dangers of it are also understood by all serious persons with no axes to grind. Nobody at the Quai d'Orsay thinks an alliance with Germany even worth consideration and General Weygand is strongly opposed to it. A small group of young Radicals and "neo-Socialists" who are for an understanding with Germany at any cost flirt with the idea. One of them is Bertrand de Jouvenel, son of the late French Ambassador to Rome, who is almost a Nazi. The members of this group express their views in the *République, Notre Temps,* and one or two other small newspapers and periodicals. There does not seem to be the slightest chance that Hitler's overtures will be successful, although they are backed by the French Ambassador to Berlin, François-Poncet, who was formerly an official of the Comité des Forges. Six months ago M. Poncet was of a very different opinion.

Hitler's proposal of an alliance with France is quite consistent with the policy set forth in "Mein Kampf," in which he says that a settling of accounts with France "would be ineffectual on the whole if it were made the sole objective of our foreign policy. It can begin to mean anything only when it is regarded as covering our rear for an expansion of territory in Europe" (page 741). Again he says (page 766) that "the eternal and in itself so unfruitful conflict between us and France" will be put to an end "only by a final active settlement of accounts with France" and "one last decisive battle," on the assumption "that Germany really sees in the destruction of France only a means of at last giving our people later on the possibility of expanding elsewhere." If, however, France would agree to German expansion on the east, an alliance with France would serve the same purpose as her destruction, and a free hand for Germany in the east is the aim of the alliance that Hitler now proposes. This is perfectly well understood by everybody in France, including the supporters of a Franco-German alliance. But it would be an insult both to the character and to the intelligence of the French people to admit the possibility that they would tolerate what would be at once a betrayal and a suicidal act. For when Germany had annexed Austrian and Polish and Czecho-Slovakian territory, had "colonized" Russia, as Herr Hugenberg proposed on behalf of the German government at the London Economic Conference last year, and had made the Baltic states into German protectorates, France would become a German vassal. The friendship offered by Hitler is a more insidious danger to France than open hostility. I suspect that Goebbels, who is by far the most intelligent man in the German government and is as cynically unscrupulous as he is clever, suggested this move. But the whole foreign policy of the German government, including the understanding with Poland—which would be discarded if an understanding could be arrived at with France—is a strict application of the principles of "Mein Kampf." One of those principles is that sacrifices may be necessary to win the final victory.

It is too early as yet to judge whether the change of government in France means a radical change in policy. Evidently it does not on the Austrian question. Barthou shares Paul-Boncour's illusion that Mussolini can be trusted to checkmate German designs on Austria. The most probable hypothesis seems to be that sooner or later Mussolini will make a compromise with Hitler on the Austrian question and France will be left in the lurch. The new French government seems inclined to take a stiffer attitude on the question of German rearmament. The sane view that a bad convention would be worse than none seems to be gaining ground. If anything could be sillier than the futile discussions in England and France about Hitler's "sincerity" ("Mein Kampf" is perfectly sincere) it is the idea that it is important to get his signature to some sort of armaments convention. No convention would be of the smallest value without a really effective system of permanent control and provisions for "sanctions" against any signatory Power violating the convention. I do not believe that Hitler will ever agree to an effective system of control, and the British government is certainly not yet prepared to agree to its essential conditions. It is still, for instance, opposed to the limitation of the manufacture of armaments to certain licensed factories, without which any control would be impossible. What is really needed is the entire abolition of the private manufacture of armaments, as proposed by France, but the British government will not hear of that. Moreover, in the last British plan the acceptance by Great Britain of any control is made conditional on the acceptance by the other countries of the whole plan. Any system of control will be so difficult to work that the French are right in asking for a preliminary period to test the efficacy of the system adopted, during which there would be no increase in the armaments of any country. Sooner or later it seems likely that the French will be obliged to demand an inquiry into German armaments. It is possible that the German government will before long openly declare itself to be no longer bound by the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and then France must move or finally capitulate. But a demand for an inquiry would be made now in much worse conditions than if it had been made last May or even last October. The Belgian Prime Minister, at British instigation no doubt, has publicly declared against an inquiry—it is true that his declaration is by no means unanimously approved in Belgium. What would the Polish attitude be now? It is difficult to think that the British government would openly oppose an inquiry if the matter came before the Council of the League of Nations, but it would certainly do nothing to facilitate one.

A wise policy for France would be to try to get Russia into the League of Nations to occupy Germany's vacant seat on the Council, but the right wing of the present French government will never agree to that. Besides, Russia would hardly be inclined to join the League without some assurance that it would be less inclined in the future to capitulate to aggressive arrogance than it has been in the past.

The outlook is dark and nobody can say what tomorrow will bring forth. It is possible that those in France and elsewhere who have been so much afraid of any resort to force that they have capitulated to threats and yielded to blackmail may find themselves obliged to resort to force in much less favorable conditions. It is possible to precipitate war by being too much afraid of it.

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Mr. Anderson in a Tender Mood

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 7

DESPITE the meek and mild language habitually used on this page, I hear (by a circuitous route) that the editors of *The Nation* fear my remarks are somewhat more vigorous than they might be, and that occasionally I descend to personalities. In the present piece, therefore, I intend to outdo my customary gentleness, and say nothing that could possibly cause pain to anyone. In my last contribution I alluded to the fact that the New York *Times* had deprived five members of its Washington bureau of the slight benefits of the newspaper code by designating them as "executives." The Chief of the bureau, Arthur Krock, writes to tell me that only four of the boys were made executives, but that if he had had his way the number would have been six. He is welcome to the correction. (If I know Mr. Krock, he will be grateful to me for letting his bosses know that he shouldered the responsibility.) The newspaper code is bad enough, but not quite so bad as some of my colleagues fear. It is plain from my mail that many news writers are under the impression that Johnson has gone back on his word to appoint a member of the Newspaper Guild to the Industrial Labor Board. This is not the case. The board has not been appointed, and when it is, a guild member will be on it. The publishers are asking for trouble, and they are likely to be accommodated. The Cleveland paper which classified twenty-five editorial employees as "executives," out of a total of ninety-eight, will get away with it only if I mistake the temper of the Chief Executive.

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THE Administration has decided to stand by the NRA. This vital decision was reached just before the President went on his Southern cruise. Johnson and Richberg will stay on. Those who have contrary hopes will be disappointed. That the President was able to induce them is a tribute to his persuasiveness. That they could be persuaded is a tribute to their unselfishness and patriotism. The NRA is to be reorganized from top to bottom. Johnson has been carrying a load that would kill ten ordinary men. During negotiations over the threatened automobile strike he slept less than three hours a night for two weeks. Under the plan of reorganization most of his executive duties will be assumed by subordinates, and he will remain—as is proper—in a supervisory capacity. It is my guess—and hope—that the new executive personnel will contain more regular-army officers. This is not because Johnson is a former army officer; it is because he needs able and incorruptible men who will work for small pay. Moreover, there are men in the army who understand American industry, more than can be said for many American industrialists. The fate of the National Labor Board is on the lap of the gods. Under the law it has no authority to enforce its decisions, a fact which was finally discovered by the Budd Manufacturing Company. That corporation since has discovered something else, to wit, that a "company union" can be a serpent in the bosom of the company which nurtures it. It is not impossible that the automobile industry will make a similar discovery presently. Gentlemen who ride in limousines ofttimes overreach themselves.

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LIKE every red-blooded American, your correspondent was profoundly stirred by the disclosure of Dr. William Wirt that the Brain Trust was plotting the overthrow of the republic and the establishment of a Communist regime, and, as Senator Clark announced to the Senate last Monday, I conducted a private investigation, the results of which proved the Doctor's charge up to the hilt. The first step in the conspirators' plan was to kidnap the President during his sleep. He is a notoriously light sleeper, but this obstacle was to be surmounted by exposing him to a speech by Representative Hamilton Fish. Then, after the betrayed Executive had lapsed into a hypnotic slumber, he was to be spirited away to a secret hiding-place, presumably that where J. P. Morgan and Charlie Mitchell have kept their incomes since 1930. After that the cabal planned to set up a triumvirate of dictators, consisting of Senators Fess of Ohio, Dickinson of Iowa, and Robinson of Indiana, the theory being that within two weeks the American people would either turn to communism or turn on the gas. The traitors are realists. My informant is a noted educator. He taught ostriches to walk backward to keep the sand out of their eyes. He perfected the left-handed monkey wrench. He invented the popular sport of wrestling on horseback, and at this time is working on a contrivance by which eggs may be fried on both sides at the same time. Naturally, I allude to Dr. Filbert J. Squirrelfood, who devised a system for reducing the cost of education in a town where the United States Steel Corporation is the largest taxpayer. Republican papers and politicians certainly have fallen on evil days when they are compelled to go that far back on any four-footed animal for an issue. Walter Winchell, I see, says Dr. Wirt is entitled to a vote of thanks. Rather refined humor from one who conducts a journalistic peepshow for a living.

* * * * *

THE Honorable James J. Farley has done many foolish things (see Holy Joe McKee), but he was at his worst when he allowed it to be reported that, while supporting Hiram Johnson for reelection, he would endeavor to beat Bob La Follette. Jim now insists that he was misquoted, or misunderstood, or something, and his explanation is not wholly implausible. Be that as it may, the important fact is that the Administration's attitude toward Bob will not be determined by Farley—and he knows it. It will not be determined at all until the President returns from his vacation, and if the President decides that the most brilliant and promising young man in public life should be retired, I for one shall be greatly surprised, not to say shocked. If the Roosevelts are what they have seemed to be, they will spare no pains to keep that stout fellow just where he is. Jim is a likable person, but he ought to be muzzled.

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A HELL of a drive is being made to lick the Fletcher-Rayburn bill regulating stock exchanges, and there is danger that it may succeed. Every big shot in the country who lives by robbing unsuspecting investors has appeared before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee against it. And that is not all. An organization calling itself the Committee of the Nation, headed by a gentleman named Rand, has been flooding the offices of Congressmen and Washington correspondents for weeks with propaganda. Most of it was so insulting to a normal intelligence that I asked Mr. Rand to remove me from his mailing list. Thus far he has not complied. Unless he does so very soon, I shall take the matter up with the Post Office Department.

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TO the readers of *The Nation,* who are spirited people, as shown by their letters, I apologize for the docility of the foregoing lines. However, editors must be placated.

Common Sense Follows the CWA

By STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

THE late CWA was a necessary luxury. The luxury consisted in spending money for things which were not absolutely necessary for a nation living on short rations. The whole program of spending money rapidly was apparently necessary to keep the economic life of the country from taking a further nose dive during the cold winter months. Now that spring has come again, the CWA has given place to something else—a little bit of this and a little bit of that—including some common sense about how a country short of money can best use what money it has for relief.

In January the labor groups of Pennsylvania—the Federation of Labor, the Railroad Brotherhoods, and the Pennsylvania Security League—formulated a program on this subject which they submitted to the Democratic and Republican State committees to be adopted as part of their platforms. It reads:

STATE EMPLOYMENT AUTHORITY

> You are aware that the present Civil Works program is using considerable money for luxuries such as landscapes, bridle paths, and airports. This is not a time for luxuries. The unemployed have real needs. They should be met first. The unemployed need wages at work which will supply those bitter needs. They need, and cannot possibly buy, enough shoes and clothes for themselves and their children.
>
> They should be given productive work in the closed or idle factories, making shoes, clothing, and other simple necessities for the unemployed. The State and federal relief funds should be used by a State Employment Authority to manufacture necessities for those who cannot possibly buy them, and who now have to go without them. The unemployed need productive work instead of relief and instead of landscape gardening and surveys. Will you support the establishment of a State Employment Authority to produce these necessities for the unemployed?

This program was in line with the constantly reiterated demand of the unemployed, "Give us jobs, not relief." It underlined a feeling many people have had for a long time, that while it is important to spend public moneys during a depression, it is also fairly important not to waste them. The program also undercut the profound self-satisfaction of many connected with the CWA in the thought that they were keeping many men busy. Activity, for a brief spell, was its own reward. Now that is over, and relief administrators throughout the country are faced with a problem of values and alternatives.

This problem has little to do with the aesthetics of real estate which interested the CWA. Could a park be beautified? Could a road be made less of a mudhole? Wouldn't it be nice if the county airport were leveled off a bit? How about painting up the old gray schoolhouses? There was a good deal of this, and much of it was essential; changing the river courses protected the property in many cities. The problems of the past were those of choosing among projects of this kind on the basis of the number of men they could use, or the number of men they could use at the lowest wage rate.

While all this was going on, it was clear that a considerable number of men, women, and children were still not getting enough to eat and lacked the necessary clothing and warmth. The roadscraping of the civil workers did nothing for them, and relief funds seemed inadequate to provide all of them with the simplest necessities. This fact seems to have been recognized by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and it has decided to divide the $500,000,000 which it expects to spend between April, 1934, and March, 1935, into six categories, one of which is of major interest to the unemployed.

Planning is to use about 3 per cent of the workers. Work on public property survives as the biggest single item; it will use about 30 per cent of the workers on such projects as improvement of parks, game and fish preserves, waterworks, sewage systems, municipal power lines, airports, house numbering, and the like. Housing gets a tentative 15 per cent. Public welfare, health, and recreation, including nursing and public-health programs, receive 7 per cent. Public education, arts, and research, take 10 per cent.

This division leaves 15 per cent, with an additional unallocated 20 per cent, available for "production and distribution of goods needed by the unemployed." Because it is this section which presents the State relief administrators and the local communities with the new problem of values, it is well to look closely at Washington's definition. It reads as follows:

> The production of goods for persons in need, such as clothing, food, household furnishings, and garden produce. Where it is advantageous the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation will continue to be used to buy or exchange supplies and products. This falls into two types of management: (a) direct operation by work divisions; and (b) cooperative and self-help associations employing skilled and common labor, factory, textile, and clothing workers, industrial engineers, and trained production and business people.

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Relief administrators can use up to 35 per cent of the federal relief funds to raise the standard of living for the unemployed, provided those unemployed would not be taken care of in any other way, and provided the goods produced for them by people otherwise unemployed do not get into the open market.

The first question before the communities and the relief administrators who represent them in at least a nominal way is whether to spend the whole 35 per cent available for this purpose, or to spend only the suggested 15 per cent, or to duck the whole thing and spend less than the 15 per cent, graduating down to nothing. Simplified somewhat, the situation boils down to this: When a man is given a relief grant and performs no labor for it, only his own lot is bettered. When he earns the money by work on roads and the like, the general social good is also forwarded to some small extent. When he is given a job at his trade to use his skill to produce a necessary article, he is also helping some other unemployed person to obtain that article, and is cutting the community's relief load by that much. Here is a plan to use from $75,000,000 to $175,000,000 to give people jobs to help the other unemployed, and also to cut the relief load. It approaches common sense.

We have had some experience in this. In 1933, according to not very complete reports from twenty-nine States, including the largest in the Union, an expenditure of about $5,000,000 resulted in the production of raw and canned food and the manufacture of clothing worth about $30,000,000 at the current market prices. Most of the food was produced in gardens, the simplest of all manufacturing layouts. With the use of closed factories or partially idle ones the expenses for rent, power, machine repair, and raw materials would increase so that the ratio of cost to value produced might be expected to rise from 1 to 6 to 1 to 3. That ratio can be expected to improve after the preliminary factory improvements have been made and quantity production is under way.

One of the definite advantages of wholesale production and distribution is the avoidance of elaborate and competitive distribution costs. Shoes bought by the State of Pennsylvania at wholesale averaged $1.23 per pair, and would have cost $2 at retail. With administrative expenses deducted, a saving of more than $600,000 on each million pair of shoes was made. The mark-up on clothing and other necessaries seems to be about 50 per cent over wholesale cost. Thus the business of supplying the unemployed directly with necessities which they are unable to buy makes possible a social saving in the first instance of about $1,000,000 for every $2,000,000 spent. The plan before us now is not only to continue these social savings, but to obtain clothing, food, and warmth for people who would otherwise do without them, in the ratio of $3,000,000 worth for every $1,000,000 spent.

This thing seems logical and sensible to most people. In Pennsylvania two coal mines, one in Mercer and one in Washington County, have been run to give fuel to those who would otherwise have none, the workers being paid the current rates. The cooperative self-help groups in California and elsewhere have operated on this principle, with some government money. In Massachusetts the owner of an idle woolen mill considered the alternative of allowing the mill to remain idle or running it with unemployed workers to produce goods for other unemployed, and then offered his services as manager.

The idea of having unemployed persons use government money to run factories to help other unemployed is probably not the most interesting idea that has sprung out of the hopper of either Washington or Pennsylvania. It has one advantage over a good many others, however, in the quality of its intelligence and appeal. The CWA, despite all the hard work, energy, and devotion given it by thousands of officials, never quite escaped the suspicion of being only a dignified substitute for the Congressman's plan of having army aviators take up bundles of ten-dollar bills and scatter them among the people. This, on the other hand, is the sort of thing that will find reemployed executives and mill workers alike putting in free overtime. It is an experience the impoverished people of an impoverished country can well go through while waiting to eat cake.

In the Driftway

AN ex-poultryman in Philadelphia hastens to tell the Drifter that chicken-raising is not as bad as it sounds. "In spite of the possibilities of all the diseases," writes Martin Muller, "some poultrymen have proved it is possible to raise large healthy flocks. Why cannot the Drifter be one of the succesful ones? It depends not only on the dumb, silly-looking bird, but also on the man who runs the farm." That last sentence worries the Drifter. Its phrases keep running together. Set him down among a thousand pullets for whose wants he was personally responsible, and the Drifter would very shortly be known to the whole countryside as that dumb, silly-looking bird who runs the farm.

* * * * *

MR. MULLER continues with some illuminating statistics and observations. The Drifter, he says, has been misled by the questions and the replies in the farm journals.

> The problems cited were real years ago and probably do vex the man with 250 pullets. Poultry raising has become an industry, subject to the laws of mass production. Get in touch with men who have 50,000, 100,000, 500,000 hens. You will learn something about scientific farming. My veterinary friend is producing preventive medicine for practically all the serious ills that poultry are heir to. And bear in mind that this prevention is procurable at low cost.
>
> Do not be rash, however. Large flocks are bred in tenements, usually three stories high. If you are sentimental about this phase of the business, then hesitate, for that is important.
>
> The psychoanalyst is required for this haphazard social system, which is neither flesh, fish, nor fowl.

* * * * *

IT is doubtless true that the emotional hazards would be fewer in caring for 500,000 hens than for 250. It would hardly be possible to know 500,000 hens individually; and if 5,000 baby chickens died in the night it would probably be no more affecting than those frequent short notices in the newspapers that 500,000 Chinese have drowned or starved to death. Still, the Drifter is determined not to raise chick-

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ens. And the matter of the tenements is as good a reason as any other. He has seen hens sitting dejected at evening in the windows of their third-floor walk-ups. He would not like to be the owner of such unsightly houses, even though they might show a profit, and he is convinced that the system cannot be sufficiently reformed to suit his sensibilities. In other words, the Drifter lacks that warm faith in social service among chickens which has enabled the Salvation Army to do so much good among men and also made it possible for the following item to appear in a recent Salvation Army bulletin:

> A father and son live together. They have only one pair of wearable shoes between them. While one seeks work the other has to stay indoors. The Salvation Army solved the difficulty by supplying another pair.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Is Britain Going Fascist?"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have been reading *The Nation* for the past ten years either in London or New York, and I admire its intellectual integrity, its devotion to many good causes, and its generous feeling for the dispossessed. May I therefore claim the double indulgence of a steady reader and an Englishman to spare me space in your correspondence columns to reply to Johannes Steel's article in your last issue entitled Is Britain Going Fascist?

I am a member of no English political party, but I have spent a good deal of time in the study of our political forces, particularly in the constituencies of the South, West, and industrial North, and I think I know the temper of our voters. During my stay in this city I have kept in close touch with the recent developments of the situation by private correspondence.

On the basis of this knowledge, I would like to assure Mr. Steel that he need not fear that Britannia will raise her trident in a fascist salute at the next election. There is something about the shape of our mouths that prevents us from saying the blessed word "Heil!" Twist the lion's tail as much as you fancy, but please don't tie a swastika on it!

I will buy the editors of *The Nation* a spring hat apiece next year if our general election returns a single Mosleyite to Parliament. My information is that few will be called as candidates, and none will be chosen.

Even Lord Rothermere (that singular combination of Don Quixote and Jack Falstaff) has grown all cold toward the Black Shirts, and has explained that his interest in them was simply "an incident" in a happy-go-lucky career. One is left once again with the impression of his lordship as just a great big butterfly flitting lightly from one flower to another in the political garden. Lord Rothermere has a record for backing losers in politics that is beautiful in its simple perfection, and I will give the editors of *The Nation* spring ties to match the spring hats if he does not back at least two more wrong horses before the election.

Lord Lloyd, who seems to have fluttered Mr. Steel unduly, is an Eton-and-Harrowy, Rudyardy-Kiplingy edition of your own amiable Hamilton Fish, and slightly less formidable. His reputation was based largely on the memorable fact that when he sat in the House of Commons he was Mr. George Lloyd, and innocent strangers were always confusing him with his *bête noir*, Mr. Lloyd George. The faintly comic, Box and Cox flavor thus given to the Mother of Parliaments made that old lady so cross that Mr. George Lloyd was made a proconsul by Mr. Lloyd George. He was sent to Bombay, and after that adorned the Residency at Cairo. Since his return from holding the gorgeous East in fee, he has found it impossible to get anyone to take him seriously. Even the annual conference of the Tory party treats him with no more than the genial tolerance one extends to the extravagances of one's youth. Mr. Steel talks of "the young Lord Lloyd," and I am sure that your susceptible readers imagine at once a dashing cavalier leaping to horse. Actually, he is a sprightly Prince Rupert of fifty-five.

As for the Labor Party, Mr. Steel might feel a little more cheerful about its future if he spent some time among its alert, able, younger leaders, such men as Herbert Morrison, the leader of the campaign which swept London in the recent London County Council elections, A. V. Alexander, and Arthur Greenwood. There are immense reserves of vitality in both the Labor and Conservative parties, and the overwhelming mass of the members of both are opposed to all forms of dictatorship with a stubborn intensity of conviction that increases instead of diminishes with time.

My American experiences make me feel that your intellectual classes know everything about England except the people. Political movements arise out of the character of a nation. The temper of the great masses of our people is tolerant, humorous, easy-going, opposed to violence and strongly resentful of too great a show of authority. I think of Easter vestry meetings in churches at which the parson, suspected of being "an arbitrary gent," has had his wings neatly clipped by an indignant congregation. I recall company shareholder meetings at which—a scene never witnessed on this side of the Atlantic—a glib chairman has wilted before the gorgeous dressing down given him by an old lady owning a dozen shares. I see the spectacle of a procession of respectable townspeople in their Sunday best marching out to claim, and claim successfully, some footpath or commons right filched from the public by a greedy landlord. I think of the good-humored fun poked at our politicians on the music-hall stage. John Morley wrote a whole book on our traditional habit of compromise. A larger book could be written on the perverse joy we take in curbing "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." I simply cannot conceive of these people accepting for one hour a dictatorship of the right or the left.

I am sorry this is so long a letter, but I would appeal to the fair-minded editors of *The Nation* to publish something about modern England which is not written either by a hoity-toity aristocrat such as Mr. John Strachey or a German observer such as Mr. Steel, whose values are distorted by the tragic happenings in his own country. I do feel that the amount of misunderstanding of England in this country is immense. And that is an infinite pity because the intellectual classes in the United States are instinctively sympathetic, tolerant, generous to foreign mentalities.

I suspect the editors of *The Nation*, like many other charming Americans, have an amiable weakness for such sprigs of our aristocracy as young Mr. Strachey, whose calm assumptions of the privilege of government are only equaled by their total isolation from the spirit of their countrymen. Mr. Strachey is really a survival from the fourteenth century. His left-wing authoritarianism is merely an inverted feudalism. There is a good deal in common between the Stracheys and the Mosleys. The thing that matters most to both these scions of old families is that they should be able to continue the ancestral tradition of dictating to their inferiors. But that battle was fought and won long ago. The pale and embarrassed ghosts of our dead past have no chance of ruling living men.

New York, March 29 R. J. CRUIKSHANK

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To the Editors of The Nation:

I found real pleasure in reading Mr. Cruikshank's whimsical letter. He is a real Englishman and the spirit in which his letter is written shows that he combines in himself all those qualities which make the English such lovable people. I also know him to be a competent observer and journalist and therefore beg to submit to him the following argument in answer to his letter:

While it is quite true as Mr. Cruikshank points out that "political movements arise out of the character of a nation," it is also true that the economic and social circumstances which conditioned fascism in Italy and Germany are becoming increasingly present in England. Fascism is a universal reaction to universal conditions. This reaction may take different forms in different countries, according to the individual character of the country concerned, but in essence the reaction remains the same.

While this I think takes care of Mr. Cruikshank's main argument, I quite agree with him as far as his colorful description of the nice English ways of living is concerned, but beg to assure him that not much longer than a year ago the temper of the great masses of Germany was very similar to that of the English, and while England has still her John Morleys, Germany had her Alfred Kerrs.

I am half English myself and therefore against all reason I hope with Mr. Cruikshank that I am wrong.

I could use a new spring hat, too.

New York, April 3 Johannes Steel

Thomas Paine

To the Editors of The Nation:

Since I am preparing a book on "Thomas Paine and Eighteenth-Century Radicalism in England, America, and France," I should be grateful for any information regarding unpublished letters or manuscripts by Paine. I should also be grateful for information regarding unpublished evidence which casts light on his relations to his contemporaries or on his influence. Acknowledgment will of course be made in the book for assistance of this sort. Material should be sent to me at the University of Wisconsin.

Madison, Wis., March 25 Harry Hayden Clark

Technical Help Wanted

To the Editors of The Nation:

The Technical Bureau affiliated with the Friends of the Soviet Union is known to many of your readers as an organization of friendly American engineers engaged in rendering voluntary, non-remunerative services to the industries and farms of the Soviet Union. At the present time we are engaged upon a series of very important questions received from "Varnitso," an organization of Soviet engineers who undertake to train new workers in the Russian factories in the safe and efficient use of machines. These questions are concerned with the design and use of machine tools.

In order to complete this undertaking and one or two other similar ones which have recently been submitted to us, we need larger forces of mechanical engineers, tool men, and machine designers. We urge all reader qualified and sympathetic with our work, also all technical men in whatever field they may be, to get in touch with us immediately at the Technical Bureau, Room 330, 80 East Eleventh Street.

New York, March 20 S. J. White

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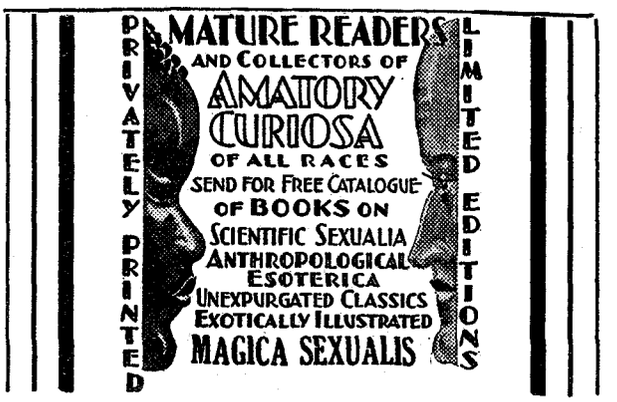

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Books, Drama, Films

Snow in Evening

By CLINCH CALKINS

The foliate snow lies on the evening tree
In leafy dream, bright as the heart of spring,
Gentle as love, but cold as very snow.

Blow not, quick wind, blow not the dream away!
Supplant it not with what must come to be
Season on end; the painful, swelling bud,
The blossom and the fruit, the cooling shade.
Deciduous each, all falling in the glade
On the rude earth of months who will not stay.

Be as you seem: Tree beyond life and death.
Harbor no nests, tease no sweet birds to sing.
Be not our hope. Be not the hot sun's shield,
For when snow comes, all lie within the field.

They Do as They Like

Seven Gothic Tales. By Isak Dinesen. With an Introduction by Dorothy Canfield. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

IF, as Dorothy Canfield lets fall, the pseudonymous author of these tales is a continental European "writing in English although that is not native to his pen," we have here a linguistic triumph for which there is probably no precedent. Barring a few slips from idiom which are so attractive as to seem premeditated, the English of the book is such as I for one have never seen written by a foreigner to the language, and none too often by those in the grammar born. And if, as rumor has it, the author is a Danish woman who never wrote a book before, we have a phenomenon so astonishing as to be incredible. Not that I disbelieve it, for of a person, man or woman, Dane or Albanian, who can write like this I am willing to believe any miracle.

The time of the tales is the nineteenth century, usually before 1850, and the place is Europe—Denmark, Italy, France, or Switzerland, though the prevailing skies are northern; the people have such names as Nat-og-Dag, De Coninck, Pellegrina, and Pozentiani. As for the stories themselves, they are mad after a peculiar fashion which gives the most modern possible meaning to the second word in the title. When Horace Walpole and his contemporaries called their stories "Gothic" they referred to the presence in them of oversized specters whose antics were reminders of some great, fantastic period long since past. This later author must refer, then, to the presence in her tales of such eccentric and overdeveloped personalities as seem already, now that we are in for an age of righteousness when the simplest men shall lead us, practically prehistoric. The individual, we hear, is out of date. Well, here he is as once he was—heightened, of course, in order to be visible at all, but heroic in his waywardness and splendid in his decay. Here are people whom fortune and genius have so specialized and refined that their cruelty, their kindness, their ugliness, their beauty, their fanaticism, their fairness, or whatever it is that has shaped them into these forms, is in itself art. They are a gallery of portraits out of that age which Matthew Arnold helped to define when he wrote an essay about "Doing As One Likes." These are Arnold's barbarian aristocrats, doing as they like in a world which quaintly suffers them to be as grotesque and fascinating as mankind can manage to be. The Europe of the book is perhaps that Europe which so many prophets say is dying on its feet. But what feet, and what fine words before the head and shoulders fall!

Isak Dinesen is a twentieth-century Zélide who manifests all the sensibilities and despairs of the time. One of her people, Mira the story-teller, regrets that he has grown silent as he has lost his fears. "When you know what things are really like you can make no poems about them. . . . I have become too familiar with life; it can no longer delude me into believing that one thing is much worse than another. The day and the dark, an enemy and a friend—I know them to be about the same." Yet something is left to Mira. "Every night, as soon as I sleep I dream. And in my dreams I still know fear." So Isak Dinesen can be supposed to have dreamed these tales; they sound like that, they are both luminous and plastic, both phosphorescent and marmoreal; and they would appear to be the final expedient of one who had no other way of proving that the world still is, or within a century was, no less exciting than it used to be. Episodes are piled upon episodes, or wrapped around the body of a tale like so many bands of silken leopard hide; personalities, announced at the start as perverse, grow to heroic stature as swift sentences develop an appropriately astonishing prose theme. Everywhere the prose is cool, certain, comprehending, disenchanted. Morten De Coninck, returning as a ghost to his father's mansion, declares: "We have been amateurs in saying no, little sisters. But God can say no. Good God, how he can say no. We think that he can go on no longer, not even he. But he goes on, and says no once more." Cardinal Hamilcar, or rather the man in bloody bandages whom we take to be the Cardinal, knows how to speak of a civilization which seems to him to have lost the glory of an ancient time when there were other and better gods: "No human being with a feeling for greatness can possibly believe that the God who created the stars, the sea, and the desert, the poet Homer and the giraffe, is the same God who is now making, and upholding, the King of Belgium, the Poetical School of Schwaben, and the moral ideas of our day."

The time has come, they say, when we must look with abhorrence upon a novelist who wastes any more talent upon characters who are laws unto themselves. May there be a moment, however, for these utterly graceful and outrageous people of Isak Dinesen. It is possible that we shall never see their like again.

MARK VAN DOREN

Thunder on the Right

The Menace of Recovery. By William MacDonald. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MR. MACDONALD, an experienced student and skilful, honest commentator, has here written one of the most satisfactory of the books covering the events, legislative and economic, of the last year. To accurate exposition he adds perfectly clear-cut opinion. The reader does not feel that the author regards his treatment of the New Deal as a trial balloon. He subjects the recovery program, both in its immediate operation and in its long-range intent, to a raking fire, mainly because "the line of demarcation" which bounds American business and political individualism "is being rapidly and thoroughly obliterated and the transition to a socialist order skilfully prepared." Mr. MacDonald's spirited attack from the camp of orthodoxy is a useful counterweight to forays from the left.

Mr. MacDonald complains that "under the guise of reliev-

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ing unemployment and helping industry and trade to recover" the Administration "has made a fifth of the American people its financial dependents, levied upon three-fourths of the population who do not live from the land heavy contributions for the support of the remaining one-fourth who are farmers, exposed every office, shop, and plant to attack by a particular form of union labor, set up direct government competition with private business, and claimed a right of Executive veto wherever capital is employed." And more broadly: "The underlying assumption of the whole recovery program is that social wisdom is the possession of the federal government, and that neither individuals nor social groups nor States nor municipalities can be expected to act wisely and efficiently if left to themselves."

It seems rash for a reviewer to allege that a historian of Mr. MacDonald's parts does not recognize the drift in American economic and political life toward centralization of authority. It is equally presumptuous to say that an observer of his alertness does not understand the desperate condition to which the country had sunk a year ago and the probable penalties of a let-alone and liquidation policy. Yet no other conclusions are possible from a reading of this volume of protest against governmental interference. The author treats the New Deal as though it were a wicked device foisted upon the American people, an assembly of "novel theories, some of them fallacious and others mischievous," which were to be "tried at national expense." The measures adopted were in part a historical consequence, in part an alternative to more radical changes which promised to follow from further deepening of the depression.

Mr. MacDonald wonders why President Roosevelt gave such large opportunity to the "brain trust," whose "prevailing temper was one of disdain for what was old or accustomed, enthusiasm for what was new or untried, and eagerness to have a part in experimenting upon the nation." He forgets that the captains of industry, who mainly made up the fifty men who shortly before had been said to rule America, had nothing to offer. Some had jumped from balconies, some had hung themselves to chandeliers, some had fled to Greece. The American people had lost faith in them; they had lost faith in themselves. The Democratic politicians were as lacking in invention. The permanent Civil Service had shown little resourcefulness. To what other quarter was the President to turn unless to that of disinterested academic scrutiny and proposal?

A more valid criticism of the recovery program is that it has been too timid, too much dedicated to persuasion instead of demand, too given to circumspect adaptation. The early Federalist policy offers useful contrast. Conditions confronting the country a century and a half ago and those obtaining when Roosevelt took office present striking similarities—in business depression, international ferment, controversy over relative authority of central and local governments. The Federalists, exasperated by the Confederation, won through on the radical program of vesting political power in the national agencies. They were not opportunists. They launched with conviction and courage upon what seemed necessary for the country's present and future. Beside their record the New Deal appears to be dangerously patient and partial.

The present reviewer feels that Mr. MacDonald is unnecessarily alarmed, and that, having cried, he may dry his tears. Upon his own showing, the recovery program makes price-lifting its main objective, and this policy implies a hearty faith in private enterprise. We have been beguiled before with promises of reforms which have proved to be superficial. The cry is "Back to 1926." There is room to believe that if the price level climbs to that height, the ardor for restraining and coordinating private enterprise will be weakened. The task before us is that of vesting economic sovereignty in the organized social group, but this the Roosevelt revolution hardly proclaims.

BROADUS MITCHELL

Comforting, like a Lullaby

An Altar in the Fields. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS is an agreeable novel of the old-fashioned kind, because everything Mr. Lewisohn writes is agreeable, even when his intention is to be highly disagreeable. His manipulation of the English vocabulary is responsible for this quality. He orders his words with such avuncular eighteenth-century grace and self-assurance, with such care that his vowel sounds shall carry an almost humming sound, and with such a quiet but firm insistence, that one is sometimes surprised to perceive, underneath his words, he is actually in a tantrum over a debatable notion or an abstract idea.

But even as a staunch admirer of Mr. Lewisohn's prose, as a loyal follower of his inspired, if sometimes erratic, teachings, and as one ready to argue that even when Mr. Lewisohn is wrong he is wrong in the right cause, I was not prepared to see him show up in the role of a slightly subtler and more articulate Harold Bell Wright. That is what he has done in "An Altar in the Fields." It is a thesis novel, and, as you probably have heard, all of Mr. Wright's novels are thesis novels: they have to do with Love, Marriage, Right and Wrong, Good and Evil. Mr. Wright disposes of these questions with simple and unarguable finality by showing you how persons, male and female, representing the different sides involved in these problems are disposed of in his novels. So simple is the pattern of the good life given us by Mr. Wright that it is a severe reflection upon our characters that we continue to act like human beings.

And so simple are the requirements Mr. Lewisohn makes of us in order that we may be happy, that I am afraid many of us are going to pursue our vulgar and unregenerate ways and characterize Mr. Lewisohn's wisdom as all a lot of hooey. The requirements of Mr. Lewisohn are more exigent than those of Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright merely requires of us that we recognize the difference between Good and Evil and, if we have been going the way of the flesh and the devil, that we pull up in time, go to a ranch in Arizona, regain our health, and marry the right girl. Mr. Lewisohn requires that our grandfathers should have remained on the old homestead—even if the mortgage were foreclosed, presumably—and that our fathers should have stayed there and participated in the cultural growth of the community, and that we should stick there. Furthermore, we should pick the right girl, require that she be a virgin, come to her virginal, and remain in marriage indissoluble until death do us part. And she should bear us numerous children and we should grow old with grace, smoking a pipe, listening to German music, and reading Lessing in the German original.

It is going to be a little difficult for me to do anything about my grandfather now. And some perverse impulse moves me to believe Mr. Lewisohn should be grateful to his father for getting to hell out of Germany when he did. For, if he hadn't, Mr. Lewisohn would now be an intellectual Jew in Berlin ("Who's Who in America" relates that Mr. Lewisohn was born in Berlin and was brought to this country at the age of eight) and that wouldn't be a comfortable situation to be in. As things are, or were, my grandfather was killed at Shiloh and my father was shunted about from place to place by circumstance and ambition, and I, in turn, was shunted about and I shifted some on my own account and here I am and there is nothing much I can do about it, according to Mr. Lewisohn's formula, because he now requires that I receive a legacy of $30,000 and go up into Connecticut, purchase me an unproductive farm, and settle down to the good and contemplative life. A little matter of a $30,000 legacy stands in the way of my obeying Mr. Lewisohn.

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Mr. Lewisohn's instructions to us are conveyed unobtrusively, even seductively, in a novel about an American expatriate writer and his wife, who fled the strife and tinsel of New York after not getting along very well together, abode awhile in Paris, and came to the conclusions outlined above. It is an entertaining story. It is too bad it doesn't make sense.

BURTON RASCOE

Patience on Henry Street

Windows on Henry Street. By Lillian D. Wald. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

THE important comment for a reviewer to make about any book that Lillian Wald may write is that everyone interested in the development of social reform in the United States should read it. Miss Wald is a pioneer in so many schemes for the betterment of the young, the poor, and the inarticulate, and so many organized forces for their relief have had their inception in the Henry Street Settlement, that it is more difficult to name any social movement in which she did not have a guiding hand than to list those in which she did. In fact, to avoid confusion of mind, one must remember that this book is a sequel to an earlier one in which the mission of the house on Henry Street is more precisely described. Any reader of the present volume who did not know something about this famous settlement beforehand would certainly be puzzled if he started to get acquainted with it through this book. Causes, abuses, remedies, political battles, major victories and minor defeats illustrated by varied anecdotes so crowd its pages that a novice would be likely to turn back to the title page in bewilderment and ask: "What *is* this Henry Street anyway?" Here are samples of its wide range of social interests: the fight for better housing with the erection of a model tenement; the beginning of special ungraded classes in the schools for maladjusted children; the building of the Neighborhood Playhouse and Music Settlement; the agitation for child-labor laws and juvenile protection; the fight against sweated labor, race prejudice, and bigoted nationalism. And through it all is the insistence upon the value of the trained nurse, with the creation of the public-health nursing service which has extended from Henry Street to Siberia, Palestine, Liberia, Japan, Russia, and the Philippines.

Miss Wald is most modest about her own part in all these social projects, and usually refers to them as sponsored by "Henry Street," as if the house or the street were the guiding intelligence, instead of herself. Yet after reading the social register of those who have asked for invitations to her tea table, one can hardly fail to conclude that these illustrious visitors, whom any ambitious hostess would have been glad to entertain, came to the house on Henry Street because of the creative mind which animated it, and to get advice upon how to duplicate its work elsewhere.

One is both stimulated and depressed by such a book. It is exhilarating to know that so many brilliant minds are focused upon our social ills, and that when one fine, constructive personality devises remedial measures, a host of others flock to study the result. On the other hand, one gathers that the author of this book is too honest, and too well acquainted with human grief and squalor, to be very sanguine. Naturally she is pleased at the improvement in health, housing, and family welfare in her forty years of work. But though she seems to believe that there has been some progress, it is equally clear that she is sure that there has not been enough. She is not dazzled by the improvement on Henry Street, although she is grateful for it.

At a conference some years ago I was complaining somewhat bitterly of the plight of children of the poor, especially if

A Tonic for Jaded Liberals

Here is one magazine that can be counted on to raise a healthy indignation in the breast of any Liberal—THE AMERICAN REVIEW. Why? Because it believes in liberty—but abominates the Liberals' approach to it. . . . Because it opposes capitalism—but on the ground that capitalism is as much the enemy of private property as collectivism. . . . Because it calls for radical reform—but inclines to the Fascist variety. . . . For the past year THE AMERICAN REVIEW has been bringing together some fifty American and European writers—each an expert at catching radicals on the raw—and presenting their wide-ranging, challenging programme to American readers: Southern Agrarians (Ransom, Tate, Davidson, etc.); English Distributists (Belloc, Chesterton, McNabb, etc.); American Humanists (More, Foerster, Shafer, etc.); others whose point of view ranges them on the side of Tradition and Militant Conservatism, as you will recognize from the following list. Five months of THE AMERICAN REVIEW—plus the two free back numbers offered below—is recommended as the proper first dose for any tired Liberal; the magazine will either convert him or confirm him in that length of time. In any case, it will be an exhilarating experience. [The current First Anniversary Number includes Herbert Agar's "The Task for Conservatives," Allen Tate's "Spengler and Liberalism," Paul Elmer More's "Irving Babbitt."]

A List of Recent Articles to Choose From

Tradition and Orthodoxy . . . . . *T. S. Eliot (March)*
Unemployment: A Satire . . . . . *Allen Tate (May)*
"Progressive" Education . . . . . *Norman Foerster (Sept.)*
Proust: The Two Ways . . . . . *Paul Elmer More (April)*
The Revival of Monarchy . . . . . *Seward Collins (May)*
Scottsboro, The Third Crusade . . . . *F. L. Owsley (Summer)*
Ludwig Lewisohn: A Criticism . . . *Dorothea Brande (Dec.)*
Fascism in England . . . . . *W. E. D. Allen (Jan.)*
The Small College . . . . . *G. R. Elliott (Dec.)*
Happy Farmers . . . . . *John Crowe Ransom (Oct.)*
The Tyranny of Tokens . . . . *Vincent McNabb (Summer)*
Protestants, Catholics, Jews . . . . . *R. L. Burgess (Feb.)*
Still Rebels, Still Yankees . . . . . *Donald Davidson (Nov.)*
God Ho! . . . . . *José Ortega y Gasset (Jan.)*
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they misbehaved. After the meeting was over a lady came quietly to me and said: "Don't be so impatient. I am a nurse. I can look back to the time when I was not allowed to do anything for tubercular children until they were dying. I have lived to see the women on that street bring their babies weekly to the dispensary to be examined for a disease which their own mothers refused to admit existed. It took time, but it came at last." She smiled and patted my arm as she left. "You will find that in this work you must have patience."

I have thought of what she said times without number, and quoted it to others as impatient as myself. She did not tell me her name. Since reading this book I have wondered if perhaps it was Lillian Wald!

E. R. Wembridge

How Keats Worked

Keats' Craftsmanship. A Study in Poetic Development. By M. R. Ridley. Oxford University Press. $5.50.

FOR students interested in the workings of creative imagination this book will have much the same fascination as Lowes's "Road to Xanadu." Mr. Ridley is concerned, however, not only with Keats's sources and the way in which these materials are transformed into poetry, but also with Keats's actual revisions of his own lines. Nothing has been more astonishing in English literary genius than the power Keats gained within a single year. All of his great poetry falls, indeed, within a period of about four years. He is therefore one of the best subjects for study. The line between his rich but immature youthful work and his perfected and mature poems is clearly drawn. We have, moreover, his letters and comments indicating his aims in writing and the self-conscious direction of his own talents.

Mr. Ridley, a fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, has made a detailed study of the Keats manuscripts. He traces the development of Keats's craftsmanship by noting every correction, every revision Keats himself made. He reprints in this volume all the first versions of the poems available, noting their revisions—even to their misspellings. Before thus analyzing Keats's own work upon a manuscript, he gives an authoritative account of Keats's sources for each poem. The poet worked, it is more or less agreed, intuitively. Mr. Ridley's book indicates, however, that he was capable of much self-criticism and of considerable thought before selecting his materials.

The texts themselves, with lines drawn out, words inserted, crossed out again, rephrased, show how consciously Keats wrote for technical effect. It has often been said that in "The Eve of Saint Agnes" Keats refuted the critics who accused him of being one of the "Fleshly School" by his chaste treatment of Madeline's disrobing. With all the revisions before us, we note that Keats had much difficulty in disrobing the maiden, that he had a long struggle with his art before he achieved the innocent beauty of that particular passage. The revisions of the odes "To Psyche," "To a Nightingale," "On Melancholy" are even more interesting, for Keats was nearing mastery of his art. The sound effects in these poems and the changes made to achieve them are studied in detail. Mr. Ridley then proceeds to the analysis of "Lamia" and to a comparison of Keats's art with that of Coleridge. He concludes his volume with a chapter on the technique of "The Fall of Hyperion," maintaining that in this poem, so often referred to as a failure and the work of a sick man, Keats actually conquered his own form of blank verse. The "Ode to Autumn" is the work of a poet secure, at last, in his powers.

Just recently we had the opportunity to compare Yeats's earlier versions of his poems with his final revisions. In this book we are able to see exactly what revisions Keats made, line by line. No other approach to a poet's art is more revealing or more objective, for here we see him in the very process of composing.

Eda Lou Walton

Shorter Notices

Dollars. By Lionel D. Edie. Yale University Press. $2.50.

Dr. Edie says little that is new about the problems he here discusses. The solutions he offers fall in with many of the ideas fashionable at the moment, but they raise more questions than they answer. He proposes that "central banks should be the only institutions authorized to buy gold for a monetary purpose," but he does not seem to realize what political embarrassments and secondary economic consequences might follow such a policy. He is against bimetallism, but thinks we should develop "a more positive policy"—whatever that may mean—with respect to silver. "The primary consideration in dealing with silver," he tells us, "should be the stabilization of exchange rates between silver-using countries and the rest of the world." Obviously; but that is stating the problem and not the solution. Under the influence of Keynes he urges that "in returning to an international standard, the United States should endeavor to adopt an exchange rate which represents an equilibrium between its cost of production and price level and those of other countries." This is merely putting the cart before the horse. It is the gold content of the currency, actual or prospective, that determines not only the exchange rate but ultimately the internal price level also.

Racketeering in Washington. By Raymond Clapper. L. C. Page and Company. $3.

Graft and inefficiency in government are here depicted in a most convincing manner. The same field has been explored by other writers, but while they have touched upon special aspects of the subject, Mr. Clapper has attempted to cover virtually every phase, at least in so far as the misuse of government funds is concerned. He could not, of course, give us a complete picture within the covers of a single volume. But he has included more than enough factual material to prove his contention that there exists what he calls racketeering in almost every branch of the government. This ranges from the petty graft of the Congressman—who assumes it to be a matter of right that he should allow the taxpayers to meet the costs of his restaurant service and his toilet water, and who believes it to be perfectly ethical for him to put his relatives on the federal pay roll, though they do no work—to the downright thievery connected with the granting of many government contracts. It is only when the author examines certain expenditures by the Department of Agriculture and other branches of the government that he gets into difficulty. The use of tax money to promote blister-rust control and stimulate the sale of American goods abroad may be criticized on social or economic grounds. But except in instances where graft or special privilege has entered into such expenditures, this particular use of government funds can hardly be called racketeering.

Black River. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

"Black River" is primarily a book about the oil boom in Mexico, secondly a story about a number of people involved in it. The author dislikes or despises most of these people, pities some, and is paternally sympathetic to the couple who provide the love story. It is hard, therefore, to be much moved by what happens to these people as individuals. They are swallowed up, totally overshadowed, by the big story, the oil conquest. Beals is very familiar with this piece of history. He knows its

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economic significance, is familiar with the way oil money manipulates American and Mexican governments, steam-rollers civil and human rights, starves, murders, steals. And in telling the story he sticks to facts, changing a few names only. Thus "Black River" is a piece of truthful reporting which, perhaps because no one would publish it as such, has been turned into "fiction" by the telling of a few personal stories. As a piece of reporting it is a fine job, in spite of Beals's fondness for superlatives, as if he were talking throughout at the top of his voice. He gives the "feel" of sticky, scrambling, honky-tonk, underworldish Tampico—a combination of frontier town (gold boom, especially) and conquest colony—and the picture is typical also of Americans all over Spanish America, engaged in "building an empire" in the way that empires have always been built—by pillage and sack. It is such an enormously brutal, tragic story that it is hard to make it sound real, and Beals does not quite succeed in embracing its full volume. At times "Black River" becomes pure melodrama and whenever it touches the hero, a noble young man who is the nephew of the buccaneer but who loves Mexico and a lovely Mexican girl, it is idealistically sentimental. Despite these weaknesses and its lurid, uneven, jerky manner, "Black River" is a vigorous book, worth reading as a story and as an introduction to the modern history of our country.

The Voyage. By Heinrich Herm. Translated by Margaret Goldsmith. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

In this story of hysteria and anarchy aboard a crippled luxury liner Heinrich Herm has skilfully applied the formula of Conrad: the interweaving of the adventure-at-sea story with psychological introspection. "The Voyage" is an absorbing drama of man against the elements, and at the same time an interesting study of the emotion of fear.

Drama

Three Sisters in Five Parts

WHEN "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was running in New York I happened to be on a distant shore. I cannot, therefore, undertake to say whether or not that popular drama would have confounded my opinion of the Writer as Hero, but I do know that it was confirmed last week when Dan Totheroh's chronicle of the Brontës was displayed under the unfortunately tongue-twisting title of "Moor Born" (The Playhouse).

Emily and Charlotte and Anne were uncommonly interesting girls. Their lives were played out as a somewhat obscure drama, and if they had happened to be merely private persons they might have furnished some interesting material for a psychological novel if not, perhaps, for a play. But they were more than private persons; they wrote novels and poems which made some stir in the world and they can hardly be exhibited with "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" left out. Yet the fact remains that the world affords no less exhilarating spectacle than that of a writer writing—unless perchance it should happen to be that of a thinker thinking. Except for "Hamlet" I can remember no really thrilling play about any intellectual, and I recall none at all about any sort of artist—not even about a painter, though he, at least can dress up for his task in a picturesque smock and make a romantic sort of litter in connection with his work. Shakespeare himself in the throes of composition would be dull for the simple reason that the motions he made in writing out "King Lear" would be indistinguishable from those of Eddie Guest striking off the first rough

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draft of "It Takes a Heap O' Lovin'." Mr. Totheroh does the best he knows how in the effort to overcome this essential difficulty. He begs us to remember our literary history and the judgment of posterity. But it is really no go. You can't make a "curtain" out of three girls deciding to publish their poems even if you do assure the audience that the poems were really good.

"Moor Born" is in five acts which, for some unexplained reason, are called not acts but "parts." It begins just before the publication of the "Poems," has a good deal to say about the ne'er-do-well brother Bramwell, and ends with the death of Emily. There are laudable efforts to create atmosphere by the unremitting use of a wind machine and the occasional use of an excellent barking-dog effect off stage, as well as by frequent references to the trying atmospheric conditions of Yorkshire and the unfailing solace of the heather in bloom. Everybody is appropriately repressed and dour; there are very satisfactory performances by Helen Gahagan, Frances Starr, and Edith Barrett, but whenever it begins to look as though something interesting were about to happen, a book has got to be written at an awkward moment or Charlotte has to discover a review in some important magazine. Before the curtain went up on the last part it occurred to me suddenly that the only action left was the receiving of another bunch of clippings. I was partly wrong because Emily died at the end, but I was also partly right. The clippings did come.

"Brainsweat" (Longacre Theater) is a play about a Negro who decided to give up work in order to think out a scheme for getting rich and who, to the surprise of everybody except the audience, finally succeeded. It is somewhat clumsily constructed, but as acted by an all-Negro cast it has a folk-play quality much more ingratiating than one might imagine. A new Gilbert and Sullivan season has begun at the Majestic with a company almost identical with that seen last year. As usual I enjoyed "The Mikado" and expect to enjoy "The Pirates of Penzance," which should be on when this appears.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

The Children's Crusade

UNLIKE most of the recent films that have come to us from the Soviet Union, "Broken Shoes" (Cameo) makes its points by means of persuasion rather than argument. It makes its points, that is to say, by addressing itself to the feelings rather than the logical faculties of its audience. There is a minimum of that sermonizing, abstract discussion, that direct haranguing of the audience which have characterized such recent importations as Dovzshenko's "Ivan" and Pudovkin's "Deserter." The objective situation—a dock workers' strike in a German seaport—is presented rather than explained or analyzed; the characters are projected as individuals rather than as types or, what is even more disastrous to the imagination, "forces." The result is that, like "The Road to Life," which it resembles in subject matter as well as in quality, this film represents the propagandist film at its best and most effective. For propaganda in the films, as in everything else, is truly effective only when the particular ends toward which it is directed are identified with some more general and fundamental sentiment or emotion. If in Pudovkin's "Mother," which was undoubtedly the most persuasive revolutionary film ever turned out by the Russian studios, the theme of the class struggle was identified with the sentiment of motherhood and old age, here the revolutionary theme is identified with the pathos of childhood.

"Broken Shoes" deals with the effects of modern strike conditions on the children of the workers, their collisions with the guardians of organized authority in the classroom, and their efforts to assist in the conflict through boycotting of strike-breakers and participation in demonstrations. The predicament of these children is symbolized by the broken shoes of the title—the battered, soleless, and immensely over-size old boots which must all the same be shared by two children in the same family. In what is the most unforgettable of the many scenes illustrating their want and suffering, we are shown two of the youngest children scavengering in the city dump heap, where one of them picks up a piece of refuse and eats it with contentment. All of the picture does not consist in this kind of pathos, however, and there is real excitement in the pitched battle between the strikers' children and their fascist schoolfellows, as well as in the revolt which the former stage against the director and teacher of the state-controlled school. The classroom rebellion is of course a parallel to the strike which their fathers are waging elsewhere in the city; and here again we get an effective tying up of grievances—the immemorial student-teacher antagonism with the class struggle. This is followed by an ill-fated attempt on the part of the children to join in a mass demonstration of the workers, as a result of which one of them, a child of four or five, is shot down by the fascist guards. Although the propaganda emerges hard and clear in such a summary as this, it must be repeated that what we respond to throughout the picture is not so much any logic of argument as the direct representation of experiences to which we are already conditioned to respond in a certain way. In other words, the director, who is a woman, chooses to concentrate our interest on particular people, events, and conditions, with the sound realization that it is only through a deep immersion in the particular that we can ever come to any understanding and acceptance of the general.

Of "Riptide" (Capitol), which is an expensive, over-advertised, and generally pretentious product of the flustered Hollywood studios, no summary can be offered for the very good reason that the director himself seems to have dispensed with anything like a prearranged script. It has something to do with a woman-with-a-past (Norma Shearer), with a handsome English lord (Herbert Marshall), and with the theme of adultery drawn out to at least three major climaxes. Except for the too few moments in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell appears in an excellent impersonation of herself at seventy, the picture is an unrelievedly tedious accumulation of sweepings from the last two or three seasons.

WILLIAM TROY

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